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WHEN THE SUNLIGHT FADES.

The old, old friends:
Some changed, some buried, some gone out of sight;
Some enemies, and, in the world's fierce fight,
No time to make amends.

The old, old friends—
Where are they? Three are lying in one grave
And one from the far-off world on the daily wave
No loving message sends.

The old, dear friends!
One passes daily, and one wears a mask;
Another, long estranged, cares not to ask
Where causeless anger ends.

The dear, old friends!
So many and so fond in days of youth!
Alas! That faith can be divorced from truth,
When love in severance ends.

The old, old friends!
They hover round me still in evening shades;
Surely they will come again when sunlight fades
And life in God depends.

THE WAR OF THE ROSES

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," "PENKIVAL," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE WEDDING.

ON the twenty-first of May was celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square, the marriage of the Earl of Castlemaine with Gertrude, only daughter and heiress of the late Sir Chilvers Craven, of Easdale Park.

"The six bridesmaids were Miss Mabel, Miss Agnes Scourton, Lady Jane Hestry, Miss Isabel Hyde, and the Misses Allerton.

"They were dressed in rich white silk, with tulle veils. Each wore a bracelet of diamonds and rubies, the gift of the bridegroom, and each carried a superb bouquet of fine white lilies.

"The wedding-dress was of the richest white satin, the long and graceful train was bordered with rich embroidery of pearl. The petticoat was covered with flounces of the rarest point lace, and the bodice was also trimmed with point lace and pearls. The bride wore a wreath of orange-blossoms, and her veil, of most exquisite lace, was fastened by a diamond star. The marriage ceremony was performed by His Lordship the Bishop of Kent, assisted by the Reverend J. Mersell and the Reverend Arthur Hyde. There was a full choral service.

"The *dejeuner* was given at Lady Craven's beautiful house in Portman Square. The wedding presents were numerous and costly, including a magnificent *parure* of diamonds presented by the bridegroom, an Indian shawl of rare beauty given by the Queen, and a suit of fine pearls given by Lady Craven.

"After the *dejeuner* the happy pair started for Italy, where they intend spending the honeymoon.

"The bride's traveling costume was of pale golden-brown velvet, with bonnet to match.

"Many of the costumes at the wedding were remarkable for their elegance and magnificence. The bride's mother, Lady Craven, wore a superb ruby velvet, and Lady Eleanor Cresson wore a dress of deep-blue velvet, bordered with ostrich feathers. A grand ball given by Lady Craven on the evening of the wedding day, was attended by a select and brilliant circle."

So ran the paragraphs that told of the marriage in all the fashionable papers. Everyone who read it agreed that it was one of the best marriages of the season, that it was suitable in every respect, and promised to be a most happy one.

"Evidently made in Heaven," said one cynical dowager to another, "as all good marriages are."

"Lady Craven is a clever woman," said another; "although this is her daughter's first season she has carried off the best match of the day."

So it seemed.

Gertrude Craven was one of the loveliest girls in England, besides which she was heiress to a very large fortune.

She had no great antiquity of birth, neither was she descended from any noble family.

Her father, Sir Chilvers Craven, was a City knight, while Lord Castlemaine, the bridegroom, belonged to one of the oldest families of the United Kingdom.

A fair exchange—beauty and gold for an ancient title and a noble name—yet in this case no exchange, as they had married entirely for love.

The marriage was one of the events of the season.

Gertrude Craven had been one of the most lovely *debutantes*, while Lord Castlemaine was the best match in England.

The marriage took place on Tuesday, the twenty-first of May—a day that might have been made for the wedding of all happy lovers.

The sun shone bright and clear, with a golden warmth that foretold the quick coming of June. There was not a cloud in the blue sky.

Out in the woodlands the mavis was singing, and the ring-dove cooing to its mate; the hawthorn shone pink and white on the hedges; the clover filled the rich green meadows.

But in London the air was sweet with the odor of lilac and the faint fragrance of the sunny laburnum.

"The very day for a wedding!" was the general comment. "Happy the bride the sun shines on!" said one to another.

From early morning the household in Portman Square was astir. All the preparations culminated in this magnificent ceremonial which made Gertrude Craven and Rudolph, Earl of Castlemaine one.

Outside the church was the familiar sight of a long string of carriages, of horses longing for action, and of coachmen and footmen in costly liveries, each wearing a wedding-favor; of a crowd of idlers, of men women, and children; and they discussed the wedding, the carriages, the costumes—they enjoyed the sunlight and the hour's respite from the burden of the day.

Inside, the scene was one of great beauty—the variety and richness of color, the splendor of jewels, the beauty of many of the young faces combined to make a picture never to be forgotten.

The bridal pair were standing before the altar.

His lordship, the Bishop of Kent, had addressed the startling question to them: "Rudolph Castlemaine, wilt thou take this woman to be thy lawful wedded wife?" and the answer, in a clear, sweet, musical voice, was, "I will."

There could be no more beautiful or solemn spectacle. All eyes were fixed on the lovely young bride, never to be known as Gertrude Craven again.

The sunlight fell on a tall, slender figure graceful as a young palm-tree, with a certain proud yet graceful bearing that was most attractive.

No girl ever looks so beautiful as in her wedding-dress. The royal robes of white satin and priceless lace fell to the ground, the wedding veil half hid one of the loveliest faces ever seen—a face that was like a flower in its dainty, delicate loveliness; eyes that were of the darkest deepest blue, with long fringed lashes; hair of the sunniest gold, that was like a natural crown to the beautiful head.

Its beauty was increased by the natural ripple which formed such exquisite contours round the white brow, the little, shell-like ears, and the white neck; a face so fair that it might well haunt one who gazed upon it—the daintiest and most delicate of bloom, the inner leaf of a rose had no such hue.

But the beauty of the whole rested in the mouth, the proud, sweet lips so perfectly moulded that, whether they smiled or curved in scorn, they were perfect.

The chief characteristic of the exquisite face was certainly pride. There was a sweetness about it, and a grand serenity, but certainly pride was dominant; the curves and contour of the lips expressed it; the fine sensitive nostrils, the arch of the neck, the carriage of the head.

One seeking from her face to judge of her character would have found it difficult to say in what that pride consisted. It was not vanity; it was not because she was fair of face, or because she was attired with the magnificence of a royal princess. It was not pride of wealth, the face was far too noble for that.

Was it force of character, great strength of resolution—was it in the daring, resolute spirit within her which never failed? No one knew, but the impression made upon everyone was the same. After their admiration of her beauty came a wonder over her pride. Such was the bride, and all eyes lingered on her.

The bridegroom, the Earl of Castlemaine, was in every respect worthy of the beautiful bride.

A tall, handsome man, with the figure of a well-trained soldier, and the face of a Spanish king; dark, chivalrous, noble, and proud.

He was passionately in love with the fair young bride by his side. The sun shone on the group of bridesmaids—all young and fair; one, Isabel Hyde, pre-eminently beautiful.

Outwardly, a group of bright happy girls, adding to the charm of a splendid scene. Two were blondes, two brunettes; the eldest Miss Allerton a negative or neutral shade, but the queen of the group was Isabel Hyde.

And Isabel Hyde stood calm and queenly, listening to the solemn words; listening with a smile on her face, while in her heart raged the fire and fury of everlasting flames.

Her hands clasped a beautiful bouquet of white lilies. Every now and then she buried her beautiful face in them. When she did so it seemed to the bystanders as though she were inhaling the fragrance of the sweet, white blossoms. The perfume was all lost upon her.

When she buried her face in the flowers she whispered to the leaves, and the words she whispered were those of a solemn vow.

Then she would smile at them and say, "Keep my secret, sweet flowers. Let no one guess it."

Then those solemn words, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," sounded clear and vivid. She smiled again, and again she buried her face in the white flowers.

"I will part them," she said, very softly. "Listen, white lilies; listen green leaves. I will part them, alone and unaided. Solemn as is their vow, mine is more solemn still. Heaven may join them, I will part them. Listen, white flowers!"

Then she raised her head again, she was the tallest of that fair group. The wedding ceremony was over, Gertrude Craven was Countess of Castlemaine.

There was a stir in the brilliant throng. Bride, bridegroom, and witnesses retired to sign the register.

"Will you come into the vestry?" asked one of the bridesmaids, and Isabel Hyde looked up with a smile.

"No," she answered; "I do not care for that part of the ceremony.

Then husband and wife walked down the aisle of the church together. The grand organ pealed out the Wedding March; the crowd outside increased; the carriages drew closer to the church; the wedding was over.

There was no Gertrude Craven; Lord and Lady Castlemaine were one.

Well might the sun shine—well might the wind carry sweet messages; never was was there a fairer bride; never one more sweet or winsome.

As the carriage drove rapidly through the streets, people longed to stop and give a hearty cheer for the beautiful bride.

A great crowd had collected round the house in Portman Square, and the bride seemed to pass like a flash of summer lightning from the carriage to the house.

Husband and wife, although alone, had said but little during the drive from church. Once Lord Castlemaine gently touched the white gloved hand which clasped the orange blossoms.

"Gertrude," he said, gravely, "it seems like a dream."

"Yes," she answered; "but there is this difference; a dream ends, and our marriage can never end."

In the after years they both remembered those words.

* * * * * *

THE CHIEF BRIDESMAID.

Never was there a gayer scene than this wedding breakfast, arranged with such taste and elegance in the great house in Portman Square.

The table groaned under the weight of the golden plate, which had been the late Sir Chilvers' great pride.

The dishes were all of the best: every delicacy both in and out of season was provided; the wines were of the finest, and the ripe fruit delightful to see.

Several guests not invited to the wedding were invited to be present at the *dejeuner*. Some half hour elapsed between the time of the return of the wedding party, and the time appointed for the *dejeuner*.

That time was spent by the bride and bridesmaids in the drawing-room—a lovely and superb room, decorated with bridal flowers.

They crowded round her, these girls who, fair as they were, had not her loveliness.

"So you are really Lady Castlemaine," said Miss Allerton; "how curious to think that there is no Gertrude Craven!"

The look of deep happiness that came into the young wife's face showed that she had married for love, and that she was supremely content.

"It seems strange," said Lady Jane Hestry, "so completely to change identity. Marriage seems to me like dying and coming back to life with another name."

"I do not feel much like dying," said my Lady Castlemaine; and the bridesmaids laughed in happy chorus.

Lady Jane Hestry leant forward and kissed the delicate cheek.

"The best wish I can give you, Lady Castlemaine," she said, "is that you may always look as bright and as happy as you do to-day."

The little group was joined by Lord Castlemaine, who could not endure that his wife's attention should be monopolised even by her bridesmaids for even five minutes together.

"Are you tired, Gertrude?" he asked, and one heart present beat with indignant rage at the tenderness of his voice.

"Yes; just a little," she replied; but Lady Jane Hestry interrupted.

"Tired!" she exclaimed. "I should think the novelty of the ceremony prevents anyone from growing tired. What do you think, Miss Hyde?"

The tall, beautiful brunette had not formed one of the group round the bride; she had been standing listening in silence to the light words of others, standing near a tall palm.

Now she turned a bright, flashing face to them.

She still held the white lilies in her hand.

"I," she replied—"I have not thought much about it. I should say that as a rule marriage is an ordeal, but not in Lady Castlemaine's case."

What was there in the sweet, low voice that almost startled those who listened, as though she were speaking under the influence of suppressed pain.

"Why not in my case?" asked the beautiful young wife.

"Because you married for love, and love absorbs everything into itself," replied Isabel Hyde; but as she spoke it was not into the blue eyes of Lady Castlemaine that she looked, but into the dark ones of the young earl.

Something seemed to flash between them in that glance but no one could tell what it was.

Then Isabel Hyde, still clasping the flowers which had heard the murmured vow, went up to Lady Castlemaine. They had been intimate friends, and it was to be noticed that she addressed the young wife by her Christian name.

"Gertrude," she said, gently, "I have not kissed or congratulated you yet."

Tighter still did she clasp the white flowers as she bent over Lady Castlemaine, and the two faces, so beautiful yet so unlike, touched each other, and the innocent blossoms could not cry out that it was a Judas kiss, and that she was false, that the young wife, receiving so shyly and so sweetly the congratulations of her bridesmaids, had no greater enemy, no fiercer foe; that Isabel Hyde would have liked to beat the fair loveliness from her face; would have liked to have crunched under her heel the rare pearls, the bridegroom's gift; that she would gladly have seen the white beauty of the graceful neck marred by a great crimson wound.

Isabel Hyde kissed the lovely face, and her lips were hot like flame.

"I wish you, Gertrude," she said softly, "all the happiness you deserve!"

Lady Castlemaine smiled.

"If I have my desserts how much will that be, Isabel?" she asked.

"You know best, dear," was the smiling reply.

The group was certainly a pretty one, and Lord Castlemaine looked on with admiration.

The fair loveliness of his wife contrasted with the dark passionate beauty of the bridesmaid.

They were each so perfect in their own way and fashion; but Lord Castlemaine had preferred the fashion of Gertrude Craven.

Just for one moment the fair face and the dark face, the waves of golden hair, and the dark hair, the lace veil of the bride and the tulle veil of the bridesmaid seemed to mingle in one; but as she raised her head, it was at Lord Castlemaine that Isabel Hyde looked, not at his wife.

Some laughing words uttered by one of the group caused Isabel Hyde to turn round, and answer—

"Yes, I am chief bridesmaid; am I not, Lady Castlemaine?"

"Because you are the tallest," laughed Lord Castlemaine.

"Or because you have the largest bouquet," cried Lady Jane Hestry.

Miss Hyde looked appealingly at the young countess.

"Lady Castlemaine," she asked, "will you not always think of me as your chief bridesmaid?"

In the after time they both remembered how smilingly and sweetly she had uttered the words.

"After all," said the chief bridesmaid, looking at the young earl, "there is a great deal of romance and poetry in a wedding."

"I hope you will find it so," he said. "A wedding without romance and poetry must be very prosaic."

"I can hardly imagine a prosaic wedding," said Isabel Hyde; but her eyes seemed to grow cold and hard as she spoke.

Then came Lady Craven, anxious over her daughter—the beloved daughter who had achieved her highest earthly destiny, having married well.

The stately procession formed to the dining-room, where the superb *dejeuner* awaited them.

There was the usual routine; the speeches the witticisms, the quaffing of champagne, the division of the wedding-cake, and through it all the chief bridesmaid sat serene and calm; nothing seemed to touch her.

She talked, laughed as others did; she listened to the speeches with downcast eyes. She looked once or twice at the happy young bridegroom, and her eyes as they rested on him had a strange expression; she looked once or twice at the bride and the lines of her lips grew firmer.

Then the long and brilliant banquet ended; the guests rose from the table and wandered through the beautiful rooms. Lady Castlemaine went to change her dress, and she was followed to her room by her mother, Lady Craven.

"Gertrude, my darling, I was afraid I should not have one word with you. Are you quite pleased and satisfied? Everything went off well. I was so anxious and so nervous."

"Everything was perfectly delightful and beautiful, mamma; nothing could have been better."

"I feel quite happy over you, my darling," continued Lady Craven. "You have a long bright life before you, and you have made the best match of the day."

"I shall be happy because I love my husband, mamma."

"Yes, of course; that is quite right, Gertrude. I may be proud of you; you have done well; you have carried off the best match of the season!"

The shadow of a frown came over the lovely face.

"It is not that, mamma, I am happy and glad because I love my husband."

"To be sure, Gertrude, it is most creditable. Here is your maid. You must change your dress quickly; there is no time to lose."

They had folded carefully away the wedding-dress with its priceless lace, the wedding-veil that was a fortune in itself, the wreath of orange blossoms.

A few tears fell from Lady Craven's eyes upon them.

Then she blamed herself. Why should she weep over the daughter who had made the best match of the season, even though she was losing her?

The Countess of Castlemaine looked more beautiful than ever in the superb traveling costume.

The hall and the staircase of the great mansion were filled with an indiscriminate crowd; wedding guests, servants and travelers.

The horses were foaming and champing at the door.

In her kindly way Lady Castlemaine had said "good-bye" to the old servants whom she had known all her life, to the friends and guests who had been so deeply interested in her marriage, to the mother whose highest ambition was gratified now that her daughter had made the best match of the season; and she was on the point of reaching the great hall door, where the liveried footmen stood ready to help, when the chief bridesmaid came forward again.

"Good-bye, Lady Castlemaine," she said; "a pleasant journey, a happy honeymoon. I want the last kiss before you go; I deserve the last, for I am chief bridesmaid. You will always remember that."

"Good-bye," answered Lady Castlemaine, wondering at the great show of attention and affection.

The chief bridesmaid was the first to throw a handful of rice and a white satin slipper after the carriage.

She was so anxious that the rice and the slippers should reach the bride that the others smiled at her efforts.

"I did not know," said the youngest Miss Allerton, "that Gertrude and Isabel were such dear friends."

"Did you not?" said Lady Jane. "It is quite an open question, my dear, what constitutes a dear friend."

And Lady Castlemaine's youngest bridesmaid remembered those words as long as she remembered the wedding-day.

CHAPTER II.

WHO THEY WERE.

THE world was not surprised or astonished, neither did it make any comment when the wealthy stockbroker, Chilvers Craven, was knighted.

He had made so much money; he had spent it so wisely; he had given so generously to London charities, and when he was Lord Mayor of London, he had given such grand entertainments that he deserved to be knighted, and knighted he was.

On that occasion he purchased the beautiful old estate of Ensdale and settled it on his wife.

Sir Chilvers had not married young; he had been too engrossed in his stockbroking to have any time in which to think of women, or love or marriage.

He wanted to make money; he wanted to find himself on a par with the City knights who could count their hundreds of thousands, and whose one ambition it was to own a million.

He added to his store; he bought scrip and shares; he made excellent speculations; everything he did was done with prudence and discretion; he was never rash, never led away by the spirit of gambling.

He worked on steadily from day to day, spending little and saving much. Then the time came in which he began to think of marriage.

He met a beautiful widow, Mrs. Hunstanton; she was beautiful, fashionable, childless, and poor; he wooed and married her.

They had one daughter, Gertrude, who afterwards became Lady Castlemaine.

Some years after his marriage he was knighted, then he purchased Ensdale Park, and became Sir Chilvers Craven of Ensdale.

He furnished the old Hall in the most luxurious fashion; he spent a small fortune on the grounds and woods; but there was one thing he would not do—he would not leave his grand old house in Portman Square.

In vain did Lady Craven beg of him to remove to Belgravia or to Piccadilly; Sir Chilvers would not listen, and finally, after spending many happy years in the old house, he died there.

Consistent to the end, he left the grand old mansion to his wife. She had no power to let it or sell it, but she was to be its tenant during her life. All his vast fortune was to descend to his daughter Gertrude at her mother's death.

A new life began then for Lady Craven; Sir Chilvers had been somewhat heavy and old-fashioned, now she could spread her wings and take her flight into world of fashion which she loved. She made for herself a certain position there, and she brought up her daughter to take even a higher.

Of the world, worldly, she gave her daughter the only training of which she knew.

Religion, charity, love of neighbor, forgiveness of injuries were left out of it. To marry well; to make the best match possible; to secure a place in the very best and most exclusive society; to secure as much as possible of the world's gifts was the teaching Lady Craven gave to her daughter.

Etiquette, the laws and ceremonies of good society, the keeping up of appearances, the charm of polished and refined manners, the urgent need of taking care and making the most of her beauty; all these were made the chief end and aim of her life. She knew no other.

Lady Craven never taught her daughter prayer, or read over any of the grand old Bible stories to her.

That part of her education was left entirely to the French governess, and, as much of that lady's time was taken up with French novels, she left that duty to the nurse.

The nurse, a handsome girl of twenty, had a lover, and when she did not meet him at night she wrote to him, so that her prayers was remarkably short, and, as a rule they were forgotten altogether.

The natural ripples of her hair, the length and color of her eyelashes, the pearly whiteness of her teeth, the delicate tint of her nails, the formation of what promised to be a magnificent figure, the most graceful way of using the fine white hands. These were the lessons that Lady Craven gave her daughter, and no others.

The delight of the mother, when she found that her daughter gave promise of being exceedingly beautiful, could never be told. No precious gift of heart, genius or soul would have made her one half so glad.

"Gertrude will be a beauty!" was the phrase always on her lips and the thought always in her head.

To have a daughter a fashionable beauty was the one great desire of her life, and it was gratified.

Everything that could add to the beauty of her person, the charm of her manner, and the grace of her deportment was carefully studied; higher and nobler things were left in oblivion.

That she grew up as well as she did was the most wonderful thing of all.

Gertrude Craven made her *debut*, and became at once a success.

Her great beauty and wonderful grace contributed no little to this, but there was a charm about her that at first people hardly understood; and this charm was her perfectly natural manner.

In spite of her artificial training she had retained a love of truth and a straight-forward way of speaking that was very charming.

She was perfectly natural; her virtues were natural virtues; her faults natural faults.

Had she been well trained and disciplined; had religion been brought to bear upon human nature, she would have been a grand and noble character.

In that case this story would not have been written, for it is the story of the faults and sins of a naturally noble woman, who had never been taught to do right because it was right; but to do always what was expedient and what had the best appearance; whose only way of looking at anything was in that light the world beheld it; whose only idea of love was the world's goodwill and the world's judgment.

There was something noble even in her faults. She had many noble qualities. She was lavishingly generous. To give and give freely was one of the necessities of her life.

She was charitable and liberal to the poor; she never heard of distress without the desire to relieve it.

She was straightforward and loved truth; she had a certain contempt for all that her mother valued: outward appearances, etiquette, useless ceremonial, sham of all kinds, she had a complete hatred for all meanness and dishonesty; and one excellent point in her character was, she never spoke evil of the absent.

She had great faults: she was defiant, proud, wilful, and could be obstinate; she was wedded to her own will; if she once took an idea into her mind she seldom relinquished it.

A difficult character, but one that, rightly guided, would have been noble enough. Her success pleased but did not bewilder her; all the admiration cast on her did not cause her to lose for one moment the perfectly even balance of her mind. But she lost it when she fell in love with Rudolph Earl of Castlemaine.

The Drawing Rooms were held early that year, and the first was in the middle of March.

It was on the evening of that day that they met for the first time. It was love at first sight—the mad, passionate love of Romeo and Juliet; the love that never counted its cost, that would have everything concentrated on itself; a love that could not be measured nor weighed; that would have its own way in spite of everything; love born of the senses, without rhyme or reason, owning no controling power, love that would have made a martyr or a hero.

Gertrude Craven was the beauty of the season; it was well known that she was a wealthy heiress, and it was expected that she would marry well.

She married even better than had been expected, for she carried off one of the best matches in England.

Yet she had married entirely for love. If Rudolph Castlemaine had been a penniless captain in a marching regiment, instead of a wealthy peer, she would have married him just the same.

In spite of her worldly training and her artificial teaching, she would not have married for money, rank, or position; her sterling truth and nobility of character would have prevented that.

Gertrude Craven would have married whatever man she had fallen in love with, let him be who he might; nothing would have prevented her.

She would have thrown her mother's counsels and teachings to the wind if they had come between her and the object she loved.

She would have married into poverty, sorrow, and exile, but she would have followed her own inclinations and have married the man she loved. It was fortunate for her that her love and her interest went together.

She would have sacrificed one to the other ruthlessly.

Love at first sight; and so brisk was the wooing, that before April had fully set in, all arrangements for the marriage had been made.

"Why should we wait?" cried the impatient lover in reply to Lady Craven. "It is true we have not known each other long, but if I knew her for twenty years I could not love her more; why should we wait?"

"Gertrude is so young," murmured Lady Craven.

"A fault that will mend every day," he exclaimed. "Youth is the time for love and marriage!"

But it was less the lover's persuasion than the warning of one of her fashionable and intimate friends that caused Lady Craven to give her consent to such an early marriage.

"Take my advice," said the lady friend, whose knowledge of the world was great; "do not seek to delay the marriage; why should you? There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and there is no man in England more eagerly courted than Lord Castlemaine."

Lady Craven listened to these words as to an oracle of wisdom, and said no more about delaying the marriage. She saw plainly enough that her daughter's whole happiness depended on the man whom she loved so dearly.

The marriage settlements were drawn up; the vast fortune, Ensdale Park, and the mansion in Portman Square were all to be Lady Castlemaine's at her mother's death.

Lord Castlemaine had settled a large income on his wife. They had been very happy on the evening that witnessed the signing of the marriage settlement; Gertrude had looked at her lover with a smile on her lips.

"Rudolph," she said; "I shall like spending your money better than mine."

"Shall you, my dear, and why?" he asked.

"Because it is yours," she replied, "and I love everything that belongs to you. I hope," she continued, dreamily, "that mamma will live as long as I live; I should not know what to do with so much money. Oh, Rudolph!" she added, "how fortunate we are, that in spite of having more money than we know what to do with, we are still to marry for love. Would you marry me if I were——"

He interrupted her, kissing the lips that were like crimson flowers.

"I would marry you, my darling," he cried, "if I were King Cophetua and you the beggar maid thrice beggared!"

"And I would marry you if I were queen of the fairest land under the sun, and you my lowliest slave!"

So that the world was not far wrong in calling this a love match.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT AND NIECE.

THE Castlemaines were one of the oldest families in England. Rudolph the thirteenth earl, had succeeded early to the family honors and estate, and gave promise of being one of the noblest and bravest of his race.

How he loved that race who can tell; its legends, its traditions, its honors, its grand historic memories, its romance lying far back in the long ago.

How he loved to linger in the picture-gallery at Neath Abbey and think of those ancestors, each one of whom had his name written on the roll of fame.

He liked to tell of the Norman knight who had fought so furiously at the Battle of Hastings; he liked to tell of the brave Crusader whom Cœur de Leon had delighted to honor; he liked to tell of the knight who had given shelter to Marguerite of Anjou; of the dauntless earl who had given shelter to the Merrie Monarch when the bloodhound- were hot on the scent.

There was a story belonging to all those dark, handsome faces, and generally speaking the story was one to the credit of the Castlemaines.

They were a proud, passionate race, "true friends and noble foes," quick in love and in hate, courageous in war. They were a constant race too.

The Castlemaines did not love and ride away.

They were an implacable race too; once offended they rarely forgave; once bent upon any course of action it was with difficulty they were persuaded to relinquish it; brave.

generous, and handsome, but proud and implacable.

The Castlemaines were famous for their great physical strength and beauty; the men were stalwart, dark, and strong, with eyes that could flash fire, lips that could smile in a fashion courtly and tender, yet could utter strong words such as would make strong men tremble: hands that were white but had a grasp of iron—hands loved by their friends, and dreaded by their foes.

The same dark, proud beauty, the same features seemed to have been handed down for generations amongst the Castlemaines. Rudolph, the present earl, bore a great resemblance to Hubert the Crusader, whose life was filled with noble deeds.

"Let my life be noble as his!" was the prayer that came to his lips whenever his eyes fell on the grand pictured face; and he did his best to make it so.

He had the faults and virtues of his race; he was brave, courageous, and generous; he was impatient to a fault, intolerant of anything which did not please him; bent always on his own will.

He had all the fire and the passion, all the high and lofty spirit of the Castlemaines; he could never stoop to a meanness, and he was proud as the angel who once ruled the morning star.

He came early into his kingdom, and he reigned in a lordly fashion.

No one ever disputed his word, contradicted his wishes, or opposed his desires; no one ever said him nay.

Once or twice, when he was bent upon what his lawyers, Messrs. Nettleby and Simpson, considered a quixotic and foolish action, they tried to remonstrate, but Lord Castlemaine never yielded one inch; no one ever disputed his will.

He was most kind and generous to his servants, paid them liberally, and feed them royally, but if man or woman disobeyed him, called one of his orders into question, he or she was dismissed at once, and without pity.

He had never asked himself why he expected anyone to defer to him—why he was to command and others obey.

"To rule like a Castlemaine," had passed into a proverb, the same as "To love like a Castlemaine."

They expected perfect obedience where they ruled, perfect submission where they loved.

As a rule they had married fair and gentle women who made docile and obedient wives; but occasionally, as happens in other families, a Castlemaine married a shrew.

Then indeed there followed tribulation of spirit and unrest.

Lady Margery Castlemaine was one of the most spirited dames, and her life with her husband was one long continued civil war.

The Ladies Castlemaine were, as a rule, a race of gentle docile women, who lived for and died for their husbands, but there was to be an exception to this rule.

"What are you going to be, Rudolph?" asked one of his schoolfellows of the young earl when he was at Eton.

"I suppose that I shall be what I am," he replied, somewhat haughtily; "I can only be Lord of Neath."

"I do not mean that," said his friend. "I know that your mission on earth is to be a rich earl. I mean this, shall you go into the army or the navy?"

"Neither," was the prompt reply; "I shall be a patriot."

"A what?" was the next question.

"A patriot," replied the young earl, proudly.

"I thought a patriot meant a man who, under pretence of serving his country, lives on her money."

All the hot Castlemaine blood flushed in his boyish face.

"You do not mean it," he said. "If you did," and there was a clenching of the white fingers which showed his comrade he had gone far enough. "I mean to be a patriot in the highest sense of the word," he said, gravely. "I shall not fight either on land or sea, but I shall faithfully serve my people. I will help, not oppress them; I will educate and free them. It is in that fashion I mean to help my country."

And he kept his word.

He was known as a model landlord: his estates were unrivalled for good management; his tenants were prosperous; while those who depended on him loudly proclaimed that he was the best master in England.

There was but one thing needed, and it was that everyone should yield to him implicit obedience. Woe to those who did not!

He was only twenty-two years of age, this handsome young earl, when he met Gertrude Craven.

He had always thought of his marriage as a royal kind of affair; he never doubted but that some paragon of excellence would fall to his lot—one of the usual gentle, obedient type of women, such as the Castlemaines married as a rule; but he forgot all his theories and all his fancies when he saw Gertrude Craven.

She was the one woman in the wide world for him, and no other.

This was his second season in London. When he left Oxford he made the usual Continental tour, then went to Neath Abbey for some time, and finally came to town.

As the best match in England, he was naturally eagerly sought after; all the best houses in town open to him, all the loveliest girls were paraded before him, and amongst those, the chief bridesmaid, Isabel Hyde.

Lord Castlemaine was never that most contemptible of human beings—a flirt.

It was a strange fact that, during those two first years in town, he had cared but little for the society of ladies.

He enjoyed his clubs, billiards, theatres, opera, far more than balls, and he liked the society of men far better than that of women.

He had a contempt beyond words for flirts and flirtations of all kinds; but he certainly did like and admire Isabel Hyde.

She was not at all of the type that the Castlemaines admired; she was dark and brilliant; she was proud, and hardly knew what the word obedience meant.

He was not the least in love with her, but he liked her.

If he had never seen Gertrude Craven, that calm, kindly liking might have developed into keener affection, and he might have married her.

He was never the least in love with her: he enjoyed dancing with her, for she was one of the most graceful dancers in London.

He liked talking to her; she was full of brilliant intelligence.

He admired her singing; she had a clear, sweet contralto, and he admired her appearance, for she had the most beautiful face that he had yet seen.

Aunt and niece—Lady Eleanor Cresson and Miss Isabel Hyde—were well-known figures in London society.

Lady Cresson, a still young and handsome widow, was famous for the beautiful debutantes she introduced to society.

Lady Eleanor Cresson was a wealthy widow; the fine estate of Holme Leaton, in Hampshire, belonged to her, and she was mistress of one of the most magnificent mansions in Palace Gardens; but she was one of a large band of sisters who had all married badly, and each one of whom looked to her for help; and the help she gave was in this fashion; she invited the girls of each family for a season in town.

In this manner three of her pretty nieces had been well married, and then it came to the turn of Isabel Hyde, and of Isabel, Lady Cresson had great hopes.

She was supremely beautiful and graceful and would grace any position.

It was Lady Cresson's rule to lay before her proteges a list of the most eligible men, and when the list was given to Isabel it was headed by—

"Rudolph, Earl of Castlemaine."

Aunt and niece had a long conversation on the matter.

"You must do your best, Isabel," said Lady Cresson. "Lord Castlemaine is the best match in England! He is not in love; he does not seem to care much about ladies' society, and you are certainly the most beautiful girl in town."

"I will do my best," said Isabel quietly, and she did.

"If I were you," continued worldly-wise Lady Cresson, "I should differ entirely from all other girls in my treatment of him."

"I will follow any suggestion that you make," said the girl, meekly.

"I should treat him with great coolness, especially if he seems at all struck with you; most of the girls look so pleased when he talks to them," said Lady Cresson. "I should say that the reverse of this popular manner would be the one to please him! Be cool to him! Decline one or two invitations to drive; do not seem pleased at the prospect of a tete-a-tete. I am quite sure that when a man sees every face brighten for him, and meets nothing but smiles and sweetness, a little coldness is a pleasant change."

"I will remember, aunt," said Isabel Hyde.

"We must work together, Isabel," continued Lady Cresson; "my heart is set upon seeing you Countess of Castlemaine, and I think your chances are very fair. I am not too sanguine; you are certainly the most beautiful girl of the present season, and you have many advantages."

"Including an aunt who understands the world," said Miss Hyde, laughingly.

"Yes, and let me assure you that is by no means one of the least of your blessings; a good pilot can take a ship through perilous straits. I shall be quite satisfied, quite happy if you become Lady Castlemaine; my sister's children will not have done so badly."

"Thanks to you," said Isabel.

"Yes," replied Lady Cresson, "I have done my best for my sisters' children; you must not fail, Isabel. I shall give you all the panoply of war; you shall have dresses and jewels, but the rest will lie with yourself. Keep before your eyes this one fact, that the end and aim of your existence at present is to become Lady Castlemaine. Let me add one more piece of advice, do not fall in love with him, it will make everything so much more difficult."

And that was the very mistake that Isabel Hyde made.

CHAPTER IV.

WEAVING A WEB.

ISABEL HYDE thought long and deeply over the task assigned to her; the winning of this great matrimonial match. She did not fear failure.

She had a "fair field and no favor."

She had plenty of rivals, but none whom she especially feared; and she started with this advantage—that she was most certainly the beauty of the season.

Lady Cresson's protegees were all admired: she would never introduce a plain or an awkward girl.

Anyone to interest her must be young, beautiful, and graceful.

Society looked forward with much eagerness to the next protegee, and when it was rumored that Isabel Hyde was more beautiful and more brilliant than any of her predecessors, the eagerness to see her increased.

Much and most valuable advice was given by the aunt to the niece.

Indeed, if Lady Cresson could have been induced to write down her rules and her theories on the art of winning husbands, she might have published a "Manual of Matrimony," and no book in the world would have been more eagerly sought after.

"Do not allow yourself to waste any time," she said. "You will meet many nice men, but you will find as a rule the nicest men are not marrying men. Do not waste your time with any of them. Keep the one thing always before your eyes. A man who means to win a great walking match does not waste his time in preliminary steps."

"I will be very careful, aunt," said Isabel Hyde.

"The next thing that I must impress upon you is—do not let your name be associated with anyone else; that is the most fatal mistake a girl can make. Last season Maud Carruthers had a most excellent chance of marrying the Duke of Pentarva. She lost it because that handsome but most ineligible Charley Lennox was always hovering about her, and her name in some way became associated with his; not that she cared for him; but a girl cannot be too careful. Never mind if you are called proud exclusive—better that than the other."

"But I am proud and exclusive, aunt," cried Isabel. "I could not be otherwise."

"So much the better for you, Isabel. A girl who shows herself to be exclusive has always to my mind, a much better chance of marrying well than one who has smiles and words for all alike. It is the fruit which hangs out of reach that is most longed for."

"I hope I shall be able to remember all your wise maxims, aunt," said Isabel.

"It will be the better for you if you do, my dear," said Lady Cresson. "You will meet Lord Castlemaine to-night. He will be at the Duchess of Melton's ball. You begin your task to-night."

"I hope I shall not be nervous!" laughed Isabel Hyde.

"Nervous!" repeated Lady Cresson, very scornfully. "I do not understand the word."

"I am afraid that I shall understand it soon," replied Isabel, for she had begun to realize all that was involved in her task.

That evening she looked marvellously beautiful, and when the young earl saw her he was much struck with her appearance.

"The most beautiful girl I have seen yet," he thought to himself. "She is like some stately Spanish princess! She is like a picture by Titians—all rich and rare coloring! She is like anything and everything except a modern young lady in a modern ball!"

Her beauty was proud, dark, and bright; she was tall; and her rich dress of pale amber brocade, with its old lace, fell in graceful folds around her.

There was something picturesque about her—about the rich tints of her face, the rare loveliness of her white neck and arms—the whole statuesque grace of her figure struck him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SLEEP AND DEATH.—Hand in hand the twin brothers, Sleep and Death, were passing over the earth. It was evening.

They paused to repose themselves upon a hill not far from the habitations of men. A melancholy stillness reigned around, the echoes of the vesper bell had died away in the distance.

Calm and silent the two friends of the human race slept side by side, while the shades of night slowly gathered over hill and plain.

Then Sleep arose from the mossy bank where they rested, and softly scattered abroad the seeds of slumber. The breeze carried them to the peaceful homes of the weary husbandmen. Thereupon all the occupants of the rural dwellings, from the aged man leaning upon his staff to the babe in its mother's arms, yielded to their gentle power. The sick man forgot his pains, the unhappy one his troubles, the poor man his poverty; every eye was closed, every voice hushed.

Seating himself beside his brother, whose mission was far more severe, the angel of Sleep cried with innocent delight:

"When dawn appears, men will bless me as their friend and benefactor. How pleasant to perform good deeds in secret! How happy are we, the unseen messengers of God! How lovely is our peaceful vocation!"

Thus spoke the mild genius of Sleep.

The angel of Death gazed at him mournfully, while tears, such as seraphs weep, dimmed his dusky eyes.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "why cannot I, as thou, enjoy the benedictions of men? Earth looks upon me as its enemy and the destroyer of all its joys."

"O beloved!" rejoined the angel of Sleep, "will not the goodman, at his awakening, bless thee, too, as his friend and benefactor? Are we not brothers and messengers sent by the same Father?" he said, and the light of joy beamed through Death's tears.

The two brothers tenderly embraced each other; then unfurling their snowy wings, they floated away into the starry vault of heaven.

KRUMMACHER.

MANY English royalists are scandalized because the Prince of Wales went to see a Sunday horse-race.

Bric-a-Brac.

CROMWELL'S DREAM.—While at school, a circumstance is related to have taken place, to which, after he rose to his high estate, Cromwell himself frequently reverted. "On a certain night, as he lay awake in his bed, he beheld, or imagined that he beheld, a gigantic figure, which, drawing aside the curtains, told him that he should become the greatest person in the kingdom, but did not employ the word king." Cromwell mentioned the circumstance both to his father and his uncle, after events worked out its exact accomplishment.

TIT FOR TAT.—Aster, of Amphipolis, offered his services to Philip II., King of Macedon, telling him that he was so excellent a marksman, that he could bring down birds in their most rapid flight. "Well," said the King, "I will take you into my service when I make war upon starlings." Stung with the reply, Aster resolved upon revenge. Having thrown himself into the city, he let fly an arrow, on which was written, "To Philip's right eye." It hit the King exactly in his right eye. Philip ordered the arrow to be sent back, with the following label—"If Philip takes the city, he will hang Aster." And he was as good as his word.

"TULABHARA."—The curious ceremony called "Tulabhara," performed the other day at Travancore, when the Maharajah was weighed against a mass of pure gold which was then dispensed in charity, is one of great antiquity, and is said to be traceable in Travancore to the fourth century. It is not unknown in other parts of India; although of course, gold is only used in the case of wealthy persons, the humbler s rt being content to weigh themselves against spices or grain. On the present occasion the Maharajah weighed a little over nine stone. The Brahmins, it is said, wished to defer the ceremony, in the hope that the Maharajah might more nearly approach the weight of his father, who did not undergo the rite until forty-seven years old, when he weighed fourteen and three-quarters stone.

LENDING MONEY.—The business of lending money on pledges seems to have been carried on in England as early at least as the reign of Richard I. The first to engage in it were certain Italian merchants; and by the 12th of Edward I. we find a messuage confirmed to these traders which is virtually identical with Lombard street, London. One of the most noted families that grew rich in this way was the Medici, whose arms were the three balls now used as the symbol of the pawnbroking business. It is not generally known, perhaps, that they refer to an exploit of Averardo de Medici, a commander under Charlemagne. This bold warrior slew a giant of the name of Mugello and bore away his club or mace as a trophy. Attached to it were three iron balls, and these the family adopted as their device.

VERY SMALL.—Didot, the famous Paris publisher, printed in 1828 a "Horace" in a remarkably small and exquisitely beautiful type. It is eclipsed, however, by another called 'brilliant,' so named by its makers on account of its exquisite appearance when printed. Of this microscopic type it takes 4000 l's to make a single pound, and about 6300 of the thinnest pieces for 'spaces.' At the Exhibition of 1851 Gray's 'Elegy,' of thirty-two verses of four lines each, was printed in a space of four inches by three. Porro, born at Padua, 1520, is mentioned by Strutt as having engraved a print, "The Passion of Christ," in which the lines constituting the shading are found, when examined with a magnifying glass to be formed of small writing. In like manner Strutt, in his Common Prayer Book, 1717 (all engraved on 188 plates), prefixed an engraved bust of George I, the shading lines of which contain the Lord's Prayer, Creed, Commandments, Prayers for the Royal Family and the Twenty-first Psalm. In 1802 appeared Mr. Peter's machine for microscopic writing, whereby it is stated that the five words "Matthew Marshall, Bank of England;" can be written in the two and a half millionth of an inch in length and it is actually said that calculations made on this 'data' show that the whole Bible can be written 'twenty-two times' in the space of a square inch.

HATS.—Hats for men are said to have been invented in Paris in 1403. In London they were first manufactured by Spaniards about a century later. Before that time the men in England wore close-knit woolen caps. At the public entry of Charles VII. into Rouen in 1449, the king wore a hat lined with red velvet and surmounted with a plume, and from that time hats began to take the place of the hoods or "chaperons" that had been used till then. When the cap was of velvet, they called it a mortier; when of wool, simply bonnet, as still called among the Scotch. None but kings, princes, and knights were allowed the use of the mortier. The cap was the head-dress of the clergy and graduates, churchmen and members of universities; students in law, physic etc., as well as graduates, wear square caps in most universities. Doctors are distinguished by peculiar caps, given them in assuming the doctorate. Pasquier says that the giving the cap to students in the universities was to denote that they had acquired full liberty, and were no longer subject to the rod of their superiors, in imitation of the ancient Romans, who gave a *pileus*, or cap, to their slaves, in the ceremony of making them free. The cap was also used as a mark of infamy in Italy. The Jews were distinguished by a yellow cap at Lucca, and by an orange one in France. Formerly, those who had been bankrupts were obliged, ever after, to wear a green cap, to prevent people from being imposed on in any future commerce.

FROM A CASEMENT WINDOW.

BY J. E. R.

From the high casement in the heartless city,
Wan with her weeping, leans a lonely woman,
While the white moon around her wraps a shadow
Thrown from the gable.

All through the days along the dreary pavement
Hither and thither toil the tired thousands—
One face alone she watches for among them
With a sick longing.

Where is the father of the child low sleeping?
Where is love's glory that the bards have sung of?
Is not the world a cruel place for women
When men are fickle?

Now is the child low sleeping in the cradle;
Over the housetops through the silent moonlight
Float the gay music and the distant voices
Of happy dancers.

All in the silence, leaning from the casement,
One lan, h she hears distinct above the tumult;
What is it ails her as she totters backward
Struck to the heart strings?

Now is the child low sleeping in the cradle,
Stretched on the floor the mother too is sleeping!
God of the orphans! shield thee, child, to-morrow
When thou awaken!

A Thief in the Candle.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOUBLE CUNNING," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "BENEATH THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN ABDUCTION.

"DOOR, Bill!" cried Gedge, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise.

As he spoke, he dashed to the window, shut it down, and the fastening gave a loud snap as he closed it.

"All right, Bill?"

"Yes!" came from the door.

"That's your sort! Now then, the matches and lantern. Bravo, Jack, you're a clever one!" he said, with a chuckle. "Do you give in now?"

"Will you please let us go by?" cried Jack.

"No, boy!"

"You sneak!"

"On duty, my lad, for the guv'nor."

"Yah!"

There was a quick rustling, a whisper, and then a moment's silence.

"Look out, Bill! they're coming your way."

Bang!

"What's that?" cried Gedge.

"Door."

"Only the bedroom," continued Gedge, as there came the sound of a key being turned.

Then there was more rustling, and in the darkness a line of light followed a sharp scratching noise.

Another scratch and a line of light.

"Bah!"

A faint flame of phosphorescence was seen to describe an arc in the darkness, and lie on the carpet.

Then another scratch and a line of light—another, and another.

This was thrown down with an impatient oath.

"Look sharp, mate!" growled Rixon; "those women 'll get out, and we shall be nabbed."

"How can I help it? Curse the matches! Wish I'd a flint and steel!"

Scratch! again, and this time there was a little blaze of light; but it went out.

"They're good for nothing," growled Gedge, striking another and another, till the carpet was strewn with phosphorescent specks.

Then there was a successful scratch, a burst of light, which caught the sulphur on the old-fashioned match.

This burned with a blue, fluttering flame, and the splint of wood was kindled.

"That's it!" said Gedge, applying it to a dark lantern, and then shutting the little door, and making the light play about the room from the bull's-eye lens. "He's all right, and they've shut themselves in I think."

"Yes," muttered Rixon, as he stood there, cloak in hand: "he seems to be all right, or all wrong. He's done it this time, and no mistake!"

By this time Gedge was at the door of the bedroom.

"Now then, Jack—no nonsense!" he cried, shaking the handle fiercely, after trying it hard. "Surrender!"

There was no reply.

"Open this door!"

No reply.

"It'll be the worse for you. Now then, open, and I won't hurt you."

Still no reply.

"Then you may take the consequences. Now, Bill, hold this here. Jemmy!"

Rixon drew a short short steel bar from his trousers pocket, just as a plumber draws a foot-rule, and handed it to his companion, as he took and held the light, which was burning rather feebly.

"Once more: am I to break this door open?"

Jack made no reply, and, as the light was directed to the lock, Gedge deftly inserted the crowbar between the door and the large post.

There was a loud crack.

Another.

A sharp report, and the door flew open suddenly, striking violently against the lantern and putting it out.

"Curse you!"

"Never mind! In with you! Got the cloak?"

The two men plunged into the dark room together, and at the same moment exclaimed: "I've got her!"

There was a faint shriek, a desperate struggle, and then a series of stifled cries, evidently coming from beneath the cloak, while a chair was knocked over and a dressing-table was struck against heavily.

"That's it!" said Gedge, sternly. "Now, miss, it's no use. Be quiet, and you sh'an't be hurt. Quick, Bill! never mind the boy. Come along!"

He lifted his burden and led the way, Rixon following him.

"Open the door, mate," growled Gedge, panting with his load. "Curse it! how dark it is! Where's the door?"

"Here, this way," said Rixon, after blundering against two or three pieces of furniture.

"All right! I see. By George, I'm not so strong as I was. Lock the door after us, and keep that boy and the doctor in."

"Ah!"

"What is it?"

"Curse him, he's come to and got hold of me!"

"Help, help!" cried Doctor Marlow, who had struggled to his feet.

"Let her down and come here, mate," cried Rixon, furiously. "Who was that?"

"Who was what?" cried Gedge. "Curse it all, Bill, you can manage him!"

There was a loud rustling noise heard just then, as the fresh struggle began, and the doctor was driven here and there very fast.

Then, tripping over a chair in the darkness, he fell heavily, with Rixon upon him to lie helpless.

"Bill!"

"Right, mate. He's quiet now."

"You haven't——"

"Don't ask any questions. Don't you hear there's some one else coming. Get on!"

The two men hurried along the passage to the staircase, which was well lit, and without seeing a soul, their burden apparently insensible.

But as they descended to the hall, they could hear a beating noise going on at different doors, upstairs and down.

"That's right!" growled Gedge; "only give us ten minutes' time, and you may do as you like. Didn't hurt that boy, did you, Bill?"

"Not I; never touched him."

"That's right. He's a plucked 'un, he is," chuckled Gedge. "I shouldn't have liked to hurt him. Come on. I'll carry her to the wall. Then you must have a turn."

Instead of going down the carriage drive to the entrance gates, they struck off at once across the lawn, towards the opposite side of the grounds, and in a few minutes the lights in the various windows and the sounds that arose from within the house sounded distant.

At first they seemed at fault, but, after passing lawn and shrubbery, the garden was more open, and they struck into a long grass path which was comparatively light.

"Are you going right, mate?" said Rixon in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes," I'm right enough. Just to the left of that tall tree. Hold hard a minute. She's heavy."

They stopped while Gedge changed his load from one shoulder to the other, listening the while to the voices that they could hear growing louder and more excited in the house.

"Go it," growled Gedge. "They won't think to come this way, mate. I say, I hope they won't make a lony of young Jack. Come on."

"He'd jolly soon be too many for 'em if they did," said Rixon, laughing. "I say, mate, rum sort o' swag this, ain't it?"

"Sort a swag the guv'nor likes, seemingly and it's no business of ours. Go on in front. Left o' that tree. Give us a whistle when you've found the ladder."

Rixon went on at a trot, disappearing in the darkness, while Gedge followed very slowly, panting and perspiring beneath his load.

"Phee—ew!"

A low whistle, a little to his left, and he bore off in that direction, rustling through a mass of evergreens, which nearly tripped him up, and then coming suddenly upon the high wall."

"Have a drink," whispered Rixon slowly.

"Hah! give us hold," cried Gedge, catching at the flask held out to him, and taking a hearty pull. "That's better. I'm most beat out. Let's have a breathin'."

"They're out in the grounds," said Rixon as lights were seen gleaming in the distance, and voices were heard. "Come on."

"Take it coolly, mate," growled Gedge. "Let a fellow get his wind. Take 'em an hour to find us here. We're all right. Now then. Can you carry her up the ladder?"

"Can I carry her! Here, give us hold. I say, she's quiet enough now."

"Fainted, poor lass," growled Gedge, drawing a very long breath. "I'll get up first and get astride, and take her of you."

"Right!"

Gedge climbed up the short ladder, and directly after his thick-set figure could be dimly seen against the sky-line as he seated himself astride of the great wall.

Rixon came slowly up with the cloaked figure, and Gedge took it slowly across his knees.

This done, Rixon seated himself on the wall, drew up the ladder, placed it on the outer side, stood upon it, and took the load from his companion, descending, slowly and carefully, to the field beyond.

"Right," he said, softly, and Gedge descended by the ladder in turn, took hold of it as soon as he was down, and threw it on the grass.

"Now then," he whispered, "follow me! You carry her. Gate's between those two clumps straight ahead."

"Right!" said Rixon, laconically, and, breathing hard, he followed his companion across the dewy grass, the two figures fading away, with their load, into the darkness as the excitement in Doctor Marlow's house increased rapidly, and a big alarm bell began to send out its summons for help in the moist night air.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN ESCAPE.

"SEEMS a queer game," said Peter Hill, fly driver, as he stood in the dark lane at the back of Doctor Marlow's, but nearly a quarter of a mile away, his fly drawn up on the grass beneath the tall elms and his horses comfortably crunching the corn in the nose-bags their master had thoughtfully provided.

The fly was just where the road joined, and the night was growing more overcast from minute to minute.

"Seems a rum game," said Peter Hill. "I've often brought some poor creetur here but I've never helped to steal one away."

He stood listening, having descended from his box, and was ready to snatch off the nose-bags and jump up again at the slightest alarm.

"I'd have a pipe," he went on, "but if so be as I was to light up, ten to one if the guv'nor didn't come back."

He listened, but there was no sound to hear.

"Poor things! I dessay some on 'em's as right as I am, on'y they're shut up by their relaytives to keep 'em out out of the way while t'others spends their money on some game or another. Sometimes it's huzzibans put their wives in 'sylums so as they can carry on. Sometimes it's wives, to get rid of their huzzibans. My word, what nice 'uns some o' they doctors must be, and what a lot they must make by it! Here he is!"

"No; stop!" whispered a voice, as a tall figure came quickly up from the dark lane at the back of the fly. "They're not coming yet. I only came back to see if you had heard them approaching."

"All right, sir. I'll have the horses ready in a minute."

"Mind, my man, drive off directly I'm in! You know where. Get up to town quickly, and do the work well, and I'll make it another half-sovereign."

"You're a gentleman, sir. You trust me. These hosses 'll go like the very wind, and we'll be up among the gas-lamps before you know it."

"I'll go on and meet them, driver."

"All right, sir; I shall be here."

Rice Devick, whose voice was hoarse with emotion, went off along the winding lane, overhung with elms in the hedgerows on either side, and the driver went on communing with himself.

"That there Doctor Marlow's not much account, they say. Rum games I've seen there; but it was no business of mine. I was well paid. Poor old lad, then. Nearly got it all."

This is one of his horses, which shook its head and snorted as he patted its neck, and then the low crunch, crunch of the corn went on.

"Rum business mine is. Been three days without a job, and then two comes and wants me at once. Wonder whether that lady got a fly after all, and what she wanted it for. Wouldn't say where she meant to go."

There was another pause, during which the driver tried the fly door, opening it and letting down the glass, but altering his mind and shutting it again.

"Keep out the damp," he muttered, as he closed the door. "Heavy don to-night. Well, if they don't come soon it'll be precious late before I gets back to my old woman. Wonder whether she'll sit up.

"She will," he said, after a pause. "Trust her; and there'll be a hot cup o' coffee and a bloater. Lor, what a thing a wife is. Wonder what she'd say if she know'd o' to-night's game—getting away a lady. Well, it's no business o' mine. I can't ask questions and refuse good money. Might be a 'lopement. I've no call to know nothing about it."

He walked up and down, making a short beat, like a skipper of a fishing smack—three steps and turn.

"Hope we sha'n't run again the horse padrole," said the driver. "If he came along here now, he'd begin arstin' questions! Well, 'tain't no business o' mine; but I wish they'd come! Bet as waiting at a ball. Hallo, they've got away, and they've found it out!" he cried, excitedly, as he heard fainteries in the distance, and the alarm bell at the doctor's began to ring. "My eye, there's a game on! Whoa, my laddies! No more grub to-night; it's work now, if they're not ketched."

He was busily taking off the nose-bags and replacing the horses' bits, when the figure came up from behind the fly again.

"Be ready, my man! They're coming now," was whispered. "I'll run and meet them."

"I'm ready, sir!" cried the man; and he finished his task and mounted the box, taking up his reins and whip.

"They won't want me to open the door," he muttered. "Steady, my lads—not yet. Hallo, who's this here? That lady, by Jove, and another!"

"Driver—cabman," cried the lady who came up.

"Flyman, mum. No cabs out here."

"Are you engaged?"

"Engaged? Yes, mum. This here isn't a cab-stand."

"Look here—quick! Drive us to town at once, and I'll pay you two dollars."

"Thanky, mum—engaged. Couldn't do it."

"Engaged by a gentleman?"

"Yes, mum; he'll be here directly."

"Pray, pray come," whispered Grace, as she clung to her companion's arm. "Let us run."

"Hush, be silent," was whispered back. "Look here, my man, I'll give you three dollars."

"Couldn't do it, mum—couldn't indeed," said the man, with a sigh. "Wasn't it you as wanted me before, and I told you to go to Doggans'?"

"Yes, yes, but their fly was out. Five dollars to drive us to London at once."

"I durs'n't do it, mum—I durs'n't indeed."

"Six, my man."

"I couldn't do it, mum. Don't get tempting a pore fellow that way."

"Man, it is to save me from a fate worse than death!" cried Grace, piteously, as the alarm bell rang out loudly. She was unable to contain herself longer. "Pray, pray take us on!"

"I would, miss—I would indeed; but ——"

"For the sake of those you love!" cried Grace, as her companion remained silent now, "I beg—I pray of you to save me."

"What, are you running away, miss? The bell's a-going nicely."

"Hush! Silence!" cried Clara. "Once more: will you take us, man?"

"Here goes! If I'm hung for it, I will," cried the driver, excitedly. "Jump in ladies! Can you open the door yourselves? Quick, quick, or my gent 'll be back directly."

"Yes, yes!" cried Clara, hastily, and tearing open the door she let down the steps, followed Grace in, dragged the steps up again, and with the alarm bell ringing furiously over the trees she snatched to the door. "Go on!"

The man shook the reins, and, quite at home in the lane, kept the fly on the green turf at the side, with the hedge brushing against the window, and the vehicle giving a bump as it went over one of the shallow gaps cut to let the road drain to the side.

The consequence was that the sound of the wheels was stilled till, at the end of half a mile, the main road was reached, and the horses broke into a canter and rattled the fly along.

Its occupants had kept the windows open and listened to the pealing of the bell, catching it plainly at intervals, and once seeing the lit-up mansion in the distance, the gleaming lights half hidden by the trees.

"Will they pursue us and overtake us?" cried Grace, as the fly rattled on over the hard road.

"They would if they could get a carriage," said Clara, huskily; "but we have got the start."

"Tell him to go faster," panted Grace. "Anything to get away. Oh, pray tell him. It would be so hard to be taken now."

"Be calm. I am doing everything I can," whispered Clara. "Do not think we have anything to fear, for we have, by good fortune, secured the carriage that was to take you away. Devick is checkmated this time."

Grace sank back in the dark corner of the fly, holding her hands clasped tightly in her breast, as if to try and check the violent beating of her heart, while she went over again the exciting episode of the fierce fight, of the lamp being swept away, and the darkness, during which she had escaped with Jack into the bedroom.

She seemed to see it all vividly before her now on the dark windows of the fly—the scene in the blackness of the shut-up and curtained room, lit up, as it were, by the eager gaze of her eyes.

She saw it all plainly—that which she had divined—the breaking open of the door, Jack pressing her down beneath the dressing-table, while he seemed to have caught the coverlet from the bed, to throw over her.

Then she saw him enveloped in the great cloak and borne out of the room, uttering feeble cries, while she crouched there, stunned by the excitement, not knowing what to do in her dread, and trying, in a dazed way, to make out why it was that they had carried off Jack.

Then the room had become light in reality, and she saw Clara, still closely veiled, cross the sitting-room, candlestick in hand, come hastily to where she crouched, and bid her rise and put on bonnet and scarf.

She obeyed as if in a dream.

She saw it all as she sat back there in the fly, herself staggering to her feet, and helped by Clara to put on her wrapper. Then she was taken by the hand, led across the room, turning shuddering from where the doctor lay apparently insensible.

Still as if in a dream, she saw it all repeated: the corridor, the staircase, the lit-up hall with no one visible, but the cries and sounds of people shut in and trying to escape.

Then there was the open door, and they passed out.

The gravel gritted beneath their feet, and the lighted hall had given place to the dark carriage drive, with its dense evergreens and background of cedars and firs.

Still no one visible as they approached the iron gates, with the lodge where the

male attendant dwelt who had stopped her when she tried to escape that day—that other day—when was it? she could not tell.

Everything was confused; she was, as it were, in a whirl of confusion, with the fly rolling over the road, the trees dimly seen on either side, but before her, painted, as it were, in vivid hues on the front windows, the continuation of the escape as they passed through the gates, and then rushed rapidly along dark lanes that seemed to have no end, till they came suddenly upon a carriage and horses, and she heard Clara speaking to the man, and the alarm bell sounding across the fields.

Was it all a dream, or was it real? Had they stopped to speak to some man? Had they entered a fly?

Were they escaping on their way to London, or was she in a feverish state in her room at the doctor's, and would she wake to find all this empty fancy, and she a prisoner still?

It was real.

They were escaping, and that was the alarm bell ringing out more and more loudly.

No; it was the rattling of the wheels forming that sound, one which she could not get out of her ears, try how she would.

"I don't think there is any fear of pursuit," said Clara, suddenly, from her corner of the fly, as it rattled and jangled on, and Grace caught at her hands in her relief, for the friendly tones of the voice seemed to clear the visions away from her brain, the front windows resumed their natural darkness, and her temples ceased to throb.

"Do you think we are safe?"

"Yes," said Clara. "Why, how feverish you are, my child! There, sit back; I think we are safe now."

Just then the fly stopped.

"What is it, my man? Why have you stopped?" cried Clara, thrusting her head out of the window.

"Listening, ma'am," said the man. "I've been thinking it over so long."

"Thinking what, man? speak!"

Grace uttered a low groan.

"They're after us, ma'am! I can hear horses' hoofs; it's so still. They're coming on full gallop!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WRONG BIRD.

DEVICK had made his plans well, and everything pointed to success. The fly was ready.

He believed in the power of his men to carry out their part, and there was nothing for him to do but wait till they had crossed the field from the wall they had scaled with their capture, and then, once he had her safe in the fly, he had no fear of her escaping him again.

But they were very long, and he went to and fro several times, wondering whether any hitch had occurred in the carrying out of his scheme.

"No: impossible. It is too simple," he muttered over and over again.

It must succeed; and that it had succeeded he was certain, when the alarm bell followed, with its clamor, the sounds of cries and shouts faintly heard from a distance.

His men must come along the lane where he was, and he left the fly a couple of hundred yards behind to go and meet them and help them with the load.

He reached the gate, after turning at right angles into another lane—a barred gate in the hedge, through which they must come, a gate in a narrow, boggy track between hedges where the fly could only have been backed in, and he had given up the idea, telling himself they could easily carry their capture to where the fly was, in a safer and perfectly unobserved place.

As he stood at the gate he uttered a low piping whistle that sounded on the night air like the note of a frog on a hot, moist night in summer.

The whistle was answered, and in another minute he saw Rixon come panting up out of the darkness.

He held open the gate, and the two men passed through.

"Got her?"

"Yes; all right!" growled Gedge, who was close behind.

"Quick, then, before the whole country is alarmed," cried Devick.

"Take her now," growled Rixon; "I'm done."

"Give's a rest, master," said Gedge. "Never mind the bell. She's a very tidy weight."

"No, no!" cried Devick; "carry her to the fly. It isn't far. You can can rest afterwards for a week."

Gedge took his companion's load, readjusted the cloak, and toiled on along the narrow track, his feet sinking in the soft muddy soil.

"Is it far?" he panted, after going fifty yards.

"No, no! close by; go on," whispered Devick. "Curse the fool who is rung that bell! We shall have the police after us."

"I can't carry her much further," grumbled Gedge.

"Bah! nonsense! Here, Rixon, you take her!"

"Can't guv'nor. I'm beat out. She's heavy."

"Let's have a rest," said Gedge.

"No, I tell you. Here, we shall be in the lane in a moment. I'll help."

Gedge staggered on without help till they were out of the narrow path between the hedges, and then he stopped and let his burden down on the grass.

"No use, master, we can't carry her further," he said, with a hoarse expiration of his breath.

"You're worse than children!" cried Devick, fiercely.

"Try and carry her yourself, then," growled Gedge; but Devick assumed not to hear him.

"Here, quick," he whispered; "run down the lane, both of you, and bring up the fly. Quick!"

The men did not run, but walked off rather slowly, leaving Devick beside the muffled figure in the cloak.

He knelt down on the grass, and as he did so, laying his hand upon his prisoner's breast, the cloak was violently agitated.

"Struggling to get out, eh, my little pet?" he said, in a low, excited tone. "But no, not yet. Wait a bit, my darling, and then we'll see."

The struggling went on, the prisoner's hands tearing at the cloth, and a low, inarticulate panting noise came from within.

A horrible thought smote Devick as he knelt there, and, in a quick, agitated way he began to feel about for the opening of the cloak.

"I mustn't smother you, my darling," he muttered; "not till I smother you with kisses. The clumsy fools! How have they wrapped her? They have nearly killed her."

His hands were busy at the thick cloak and at last he found the opening, and, quite excited now, as the figure at his feet lay supine, he tore it open to give his prisoner air.

"How cursedly dark!" he panted. "Poor child! she could not breathe. Grace—my sweet girl! Good heavens! Ah!"

He had thrown the cloak open wide, and could dimly see the white face towards which he was bending, when, quick as lightning, a couple of closed fists flew up, striking him violently in mouth and eye, and making him start back, as his prisoner rolled rapidly over and over three or four times, sprang up, and darted along the grass, close beneath the hedge.

"Stop! quick! Gedge!"

"There's no fly," there," growled the man; "we've been quite a quarter of a mile."

"No fly!"

"No. Why, where's the gal?"

Devick did not answer for a few moments, but stood listening, fancying he had heard a mocking laugh in the distance.

"Fools! idiots!" he cried at last. "Curse you for a pair of the most miserable asses that ever breathed."

"Why, what's the matter?" growled Gedge, as Rixon stooped and picked up the cloak, which he shook and turned and wrung as if he expected to find their captive inside.

"What's the matter!" and he pointed across the field towards where the alarm bell rang out, and the sounds of voices grew plainer.

"But the gal!" cried Gedge. "You haven't been and let her go?"

"Let her go? Curse you! cried Devick. "There, stand aside!"

He stopped short, for from about fifty yards away there was a short.

"Hi! Is old Barny Gedge there? Good-night, Barny! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why——"

It was Rixon who spoke, but he said no more, for his companion in the abduction sank down, half doubled up, and smote his knees as he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ricky, old man," he gasped at last, "we ketched the wrong bird!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A STRANGE HIDING-PLACE.

"MAN, man!" cried Grace, as she heard the driver's words, "pray, pray go on!"

"Another sovereign if you get us away!" cried Clara.

"Don't worry me about your money," said the man, sulkily; "can't you see I'm thinking?"

There were a few moments of intense agony to Grace, and her companion felt a thrill of despair come over her as she thought of meeting Devick.

Then, to the great relief of all, the horses went off at a rapid trot for some little distance, and then their hoofs sounded deadened, the wheels ceased to rattle as the fly swerved round, and seemed to go on silently for a little while, and then stopped.

"What does this mean?" cried Clara.

"Hush!" said the driver, in a whisper; "keep quiet. I've turned down a by-lane; it's horribly rough and soft, but I can get through it to the upper road, and, by going five miles round, get into town that way."

"But our pursuers?" said Clara, while Grace sat listening, with every nerve strained.

All at once the beat of horses' hoofs on the road seemed to come louder than before as if the pursuers had made some sudden rush.

"They're pretty close now," whispered the man. "It all depends whether they go on or round down here."

"Why did you not keep the road?" said Clara fiercely. "Why turn down here?"

"Only chance, ma'am," said the driver. "They'd have caught us in less than a quarter of an hour. My horses ain't Arabs. Don't talk."

They sat in the darkness, listening, as the hoofs beat louder and louder, and once or twice there was a sharp click, as of steel against steel.

"They've got the horse patrole after us," whispered the man. "Didn't you hear his sword hit the sterrup? We shall have to look sharp if we mean to get away."

The hoofs sounded louder on the road, and they were at last so close that it seemed to the two women, as they clung together, that the horsemen—there appeared to be two—must be coming down the lane.

It was a time of speechless agony, when a neigh from one of the horses, or even the rattle of a piece of harness, would have betrayed them.

No one spoke; but Grace clung convulsively to the hands of her companion—hands that were wet, and which trembled slightly.

Beat—beat, beat—beat, went the hoofs. Would they never pass the lane? It seemed as if an age of time were being taken up and that the speed was being slackened.

It was. Instead of a gallop, the riders were checking their horses into a trot, as if preparatory to turning down the lane; and, stretching out her hand, Clara unfastened the door.

"They are coming," she whispered to Grace.

"We must take to the fields and hide. They may not see us in the darkness."

Grace responded by opening the door on her side, and was about to spring out when the driver said, with a loud chuckle—

"It's all right; we've done 'em! They're past the lane. Do you hear?"

For a minute or so the hoofs sounded so near it was hard to believe it possible that the lane was passed; but they grew fainter. Then a catch of the breath was felt, for they seemed to grow louder. Then they began to die away again, and the fly was set in motion slowly, and for a full half hour went bumping and rolling in and out of the soft ruts of an accommodation lane. Once or twice it threatened to stick fast, and the horses stopped; but a few coaxing words started them again. They dragged the wheels out of the mud, and, after scraping against hanging boughs and hedges, and once nearly going over in a ditch, there was a roll and a bump, and the rattle of the horses' hoofs once more. The good road was reached.

"Now, ladies," said the driver, "we're right so far, and in an hour I can have you in London, unless the patrole has given notice and we are stopped."

"If we are stopped, you are driving us to the 'Golden Cross at Charing Cross," said Clara, quickly. "We are ladies going up to catch the early train from Nine Elms, Vauxhall."

"And where shall I drive you, ma'am?" said the man.

"To Charing Cross," said Clara coolly.

It was just two hours after when Clara let down the front window and stopped the man.

"We'll get out here," she said.

"Here, ma'am; this is only Marylebone Road."

"I know. That will do. We will get out."

The man drew up to the side of the deserted road, and the pair descended quickly.

"There's the money," said Clara, counting it out into the man's hand, beneath the lamp-post, "and a sovereign more."

"Thankye, my lady. That'll wash a deal o' mud off my fly and horses' legs. Next thing is to meet my fare," he added, with a grin.

"You must tell him it was a mistake," said Clara, coolly. "Good-night."

"So it was, mum; so it was. Good-night to you, good-night!"

Clara and Grace were already several yards away, and walking fast together through the drizzling rain that had set in.

"Safe so far," said the former.

"Yes," panted Grace, "I could find my way home now."

"And what would you do there? Will you not trust me still?" said Clara. "Have I not kept my word?"

"Oh, yes! You have indeed!" said Grace "but——"

"You must trust me still. Girl, girl! I cannot have you fall into that man's hands. You must come with me. Well," she continued, as Grace seemed to hesitate, "has your confidence all gone?"

"No," said the agitated girl. Then she added, "I will trust you. But tell me: where are you going to take me?"

"I am going to take you where Rice Devick is never likely to search for you. Are you satisfied?"

"But—my father—my mother."

"Am I not saving you for them?" cried Clara, impatiently. "You have seen to-night that Devick will stop at nothing. If I had not suspicions of him for the last day or two, and watched him, and forestalled his actions, where would you have been?"

Grace sighed.

"Tell me where you are taking me, though—pray tell me that."

"I have told you; where you will be safest from Rice Devick."

"And where is that?"

"Wait a little: you shall see."

It was between one and two o'clock, and the streets were wet and slippery. The rain fell faster and faster, but in their hurry and excitement neither of the women needed it. Clara held her companion tightly by the arm, as if she were her prisoner, and after a long walk took a turning which was familiar to Grace.

"Why, we are going to Clerkenwell!" she cried, excitedly.

"Yes, I would not take a cab for fear of being tracked."

"Why, you are taking me home!" cried Grace, joyously.

"No; I am not taking you home. Hush! here's a policeman."

It was a temptation. Grace had but to stop and catch the arm of the constable, as she almost touched him in passing, and to appeal to him for protection, and she would have been taken to where, a few streets off, Adam Robson and his wife lay sleeping restlessly and dreaming of their missing child.

But she had promised to trust this woman again; and the dread of Devick was like a shadow across every path that opened to her, save the one that her companion took.

The constable looked at them curiously, but said nothing, and Clara hurried her companion along, her large dark eyes scanning every turning and doorway for danger, but seeing none.

She noticed that a heavy-looking man was smoking his pipe as he leaned against a lamp-post near her destination, but he was evidently drunk, and muttering.

Twice over, too, she thought they were followed, while, farther on, she saw what looked like a heap crouched in a doorway, but which resolved itself into a human figure as soon as they had passed, and crept out to peer round the iron railings of the house.

"Have we far to go?" whispered Grace, suddenly. "I cannot help it: I am faint."

"Not a hundred yards, my child," whispered her companion; "we are close by there."

She hurried her along, holding her arm more tightly, for she felt the poor girl giving way.

"Courage!" she whispered; "we are just there"

"There?" said Grace, excitedly, as she looked wildly round where they had turned in upon a step in front of a great doorway; "why, this is Counter Street—Mr. Devick's!"

"Yes," said Clara, quietly. "Hush! Don't speak. Let me see."

She gave a glance each way as she took a latchkey from her pocket, but could see nothing through the mist of rain that was falling. Then, going to the door, her hand trembled.

Had Devick returned, or no?

The answer was waiting for her. She held the key. If he were at home, the bolt would be slipped, and she could not enter. If he had not returned, the key would open the door.

She slipped it in, and it opened easily, the great heavy door giving way as Grace hung back.

She had only to call for help, and the help was there; but she only hung away from her companion saying—

"Why have you brought me here?"

"Because it is the last place where Devick would think of searching for you. Come in; you will be safe with me."

Grace hesitated for a moment and entered, and the door was closed, and she stood in the black hall, with the dim window before her on the staircase.

As the door closed, Frank Brand walked slowly by on the other side, on his way home from attending a patient in that very street.

The heavy-looking man with the pipe seemed to become perfectly sober, and walked across the road to sit down in a doorway, from whence he could watch the house.

And the heap that had risen from the doorway when the fugitives passed went along past the house, limping a good deal; and as it crept beneath the next lamp it wore the resemblance of an extremely muddy, wet, and weary boy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE FAR PAST.—Everywhere in the East we tread upon buried cities, pointing to a time when Egypt was incomparably more prosperous and more civilized than it is now. We pass miles of tombs, palaces, obelisks, temples, at Heliopolis, Memphis, Thebes and Karnak. Look at the temple of El Karnak, with its gateway 360 feet wide—its hall of assembly, one suit only, consists, each 70 feet high and 12 feet thick, built about 1400 B. C. The whole of Notre Dame would stand comfortably inside the great temple. Mark the obelisk 180 feet high (about 1400 B. C.) the largest in the world. Yonder, out in what is now a vast plain, periodically flooded by the Nile waters, stand the statues of Memnon, 70 feet high, raised by Amenoph III. c'r. 1500 B. C. Dominating the desert, indestructible relics of the ages, against which the waves of time seem to dash themselves almost in vain, stand the three great Pyramids of Chephren, and Myceryans. The largest one of Cheops is proudly styled the "Light of the Horizon," the "Great," the "Chief." It is 79 feet higher than St. Paul's being 580 feet, and it covers thirteen acres of ground. It could just stand in Lincoln's Inn Square, and would completely cover that well known area. Five thousand years ago it towered there; five thousand years hence it will probably tower there still. In 820 B. C. the king's room, in the central depths of the Great Pyramid, was robbed. Whether the Pyramid has yet been fully explored the world will never know until it is all pulled to pieces, and that we may safely say, is never likely to be done. Not far from the Pyramids the mighty head of the Sphinx, disfigured but not destroyed, still looks the world straight in the face with its insoluble enigma.

ECONOMY WITH A VENGEANCE.—Rapineau, the happy father of three children, has lately discovered a plan to reduce his weekly expenditure. Every morning when sitting down at table, he makes the following proposal:—"Those who go without breakfast shall have twopence." "Me! me!" exclaim the youngsters in chorus. Rapineau gives them the money and suppresses the breakfast. In the afternoon, when the children were anxiously expecting their first meal, Rapineau calls out: "Those who want their dinner must give twopence," and they all pay back what they had received the morning for going without their breakfast, and in that way Rapineau saves a meal a day.

CORNS are not confined to the feet. A newly arrived chiropodist says he has "removed corns from several of the crowned heads of Europe."

FATE.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
And speak in different tongues and have not thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed.
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space from left to right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied; and this is Fate.

A Wife's Martyrdom.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHE made desperate efforts to amuse him and keep him by her side, but she saw—and the pain of it went to her heart—that he was watching Gladys Rane the whole time that he stood by her side.

"Of what use is it?" she cried to herself.

Suddenly he bent over, as if suddenly remembering why he was there.

"If you are tired, Laura," he said, "you had better go home and retire to rest."

"Will you accompany me?" she kindly asked.

"I will take you home; but I shall come back again," he answered. "I consider this the best ball of the season, and I do not care to leave it so early."

"Nor do I," she said.

And the Captain, without further ado, turned away abruptly and went in search of Gladys Rane.

A short time afterwards Angela came up to her mother, and sat down by her side.

"Mamma darling," she said, "you look so ill, so tired and weary; many people have spoken of it."

Lady Laura looked at her daughter with a startled expression on her face.

"Do you mean that?" she asked. "Are people really talking of me? Do they say that I look ill or unhappy?"

"Every one thinks you look ill," she answered gently.

"Do you think any one knows why?" asked Lady Laura.

"No; but, mamma darling, I know. You must do one of two things—either you must trample your trouble under foot and look your usual bright self or you must go home."

"I have tried to smother my grief, but I cannot. I must go home," said Lady Laura. "But, if I do, Angel, he will spend all his time with Miss Rane. It will be a relief and pleasure to him if I go," and the beautiful woman looked at her with such despair in her face that Angela hardly knew what to say to her. "Think of that, Angel!" she went on. "I believed he loved me dearly, and now it is a relief to him that I should go away and leave him to enjoy the society that he prefers so infinitely to mine. Oh, Angel, what a mockery my diamonds and roses are! He does not care for me. I think I will go home, Angel; I cannot stay here."

"I am sure it will be best, mamma," urged Angela. "Shall I tell the Captain?"

"No," said the unhappy lady; and then her mood suddenly changed. "After all, I will not go. He would be pleased. I will not go, Angel. Why should I leave her to triumph over me? Why should they two spend the night so happily, and I go home to weep? He is my husband, Angel."

"Mamma," said Angela, "you are ill and feverish; your face is flushed again, and your eyes are too bright. Never mind them; do not look at them. Let me go home with you."

"Then do not let him know, Angel; the carriage can come back for him," said the unhappy woman.

They left the ball-room together; and, when they were in the carriage, Lady Laura wept as though her heart would break.

"Mother," Angela said lovingly, "the matter is not worth all those tears; it is not indeed."

No daughter could have been more loving, more devoted than Angela.

She sent Doris the maid away, saying she would wait upon her mother herself, for she did not care that the servant should witness her ladyship's bitter weeping.

She laid the golden head on the white pillow, and sat by her mother's side until she had fallen asleep.

Who could tell the love and pain in her heart as she did so? She heard her mother speaking in her sleep, and, bending over her, she caught the words, so full of pathos—

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie, I have had such a terrible dream!"

She drew back again, for she knew then that in her dreams her mother's spirit had gone back to the kindly husband who had loved her so well, and who had never caused her one tear.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IT was when the reality of her position forced itself upon her that Lady Laura turned to her daughter for love and sympathy.

It was when she found her mother's happiness so completely wrecked that Angela devoted her whole time to her.

When Lady Laura came to town, and while she still retained her implicit faith in her husband's love, she looked quite ten years younger than she really was, being bright, blooming, and happy.

Quite suddenly the exquisite bloom faded the light seemed to die from the blue eyes, and even the golden sheen of the hair was less bright.

There was little wonder that it should be so, for she wept incessantly.

Her life was a martyrdom; and the Captain had grown quite callous, quite regardless of all the pain his wife suffered.

When she saw him going out in the morning, looking bright and handsome, full of health, strength, and vigor, she would listen to him.

She had a pretty caressing fashion of clasping her hands together and laying them on her husband's breast.

At first he had professed to like the graceful action, and would kiss the white hands; now he barely endured it.

"Vance, where are you going?" she would ask; and he could read the anxiety in her pale anguished face.

He answers varied.

At one time he would say that he was going to his club, at another that he had an engagement; but she suspected always that he was going to see Gladys Rane.

In like manner, when he returned, she would go to him in the same wistful, anxious, tender fashion, and inquire—

"Where have you been, Vance?"

And he would tell her that he had been to his club or keeping an engagement. But, when he came home with a sweet, subtle odor of violets about him and a flower more choice than usual in his button-hole, she knew that he had been with Gladys Rane.

One morning she was in the drawing-room when he returned home after an absence of two hours.

He looked so bright, so gallant, and handsome that her very heart leaped with joy.

She forgot for the moment all her jealousy and unhappiness, and went up to him eagerly, love shining in her eyes and in her face.

"How well you look this morning, Vance!" she said with a smile.

Then she detected the subtle odor of violets, and saw that he wore an exquisite moss-rosebud, so beautiful as to be a rarity, and she knew at once that he had been with Gladys Rane.

Swiftly, with flashing anger, Lady Laura tore the flower from his breast and flung it away.

"You had that from Gladys Rane!" she cried. "You shall not come home to me wearing her flowers!"

The Captain caught her wrist in an iron grasp.

"Never dare to do that again," he shouted in angry tones.

A low cry of pain came from her white lips, and, recollecting himself, the Captain loosened his hold.

"I beg your pardon, Laura," he said, in a quieter tone. "I did not mean to hurt you; but you—you annoyed me."

"It does not matter," she returned, the face that had flushed with anger now paling with pain. "But you should not come straight from that woman's presence to mine."

"I am afraid I have hurt your wrist," he said awkwardly, for on the fair white skin he saw a livid bruise, the mark of the strong cruel hand that had shown little mercy in its grasp.

He tried to examine it: but she shrank back from him, pale and scared.

"I believe," she gasped, "that you would kill me for the sake of Gladys Rane."

And in his evil heart he knew the words were true; but he merely said—

"I am sorry if I have hurt you Laura."

Her laugh was not pleasant to hear.

"It does not matter," she repeated. Then she held up the shapely white wrist, with its disfiguring mark. "Look!" she cried. "It was a cruel grasp, hard as iron; but it is as nothing to the hard grasp in which you hold the heart that loves you."

But her words failed to touch him. His dislike of her was increased from her having betrayed him into a cowardly, unmanly action.

"I wish, Laura, that you would be more reasonable," he said. "These scenes are unendurable."

"Put an end to them," she retorted very promptly, "by ceasing to visit Gladys Rane."

"I should not do that, my dear, if they were twice as bad," he declared. "You talk of jealousy as a pain, Laura; I call it madness."

"Yes," she answered, with a dreamy look in her face; "it is madness Vance."

Then, after a pause, she asked suddenly, "Could I make you jealous of me?"

"I think not," he answered—"nay, I am quite sure."

"I wish I could," she continued. "I should like you to feel the pain, the fever, the despair, just once; you would never be so cruel to me again. But you could not be jealous of me, for one must love deeply to be jealous. Still I must ask you one question. Do you not think it needless cruelty to come straight into my presence from hers wearing the very flower that she has given you? Let me place a flower in your coat, Vance."

"What nonsense!" he cried. "I have no patience left. Of all intolerable things upon earth, a jealous woman is the worst!"

And the Captain strode from the room, banging the door behind him with no gentle hand.

"I would rather never enter the house again than to have to submit to such scenes!" he said to himself, as he walked towards his club; and he muttered something between his teeth as he thought of the black bruise on the white rounded wrist.

Lady Laura stood looking at it long after he had gone.

If she had retained any faint hope that her husband loved her, or even cared for her, it vanished when she glanced at that cruel mark.

"He would have broken my arm," she said, "to have saved Gladys's flower."

On the carpet, where she had flung it, lay the moss-rosebud.

It seemed to her like a living thing—a snake the venomous fangs of which had already inflicted a wound.

Gentle as was Lady Laura by nature, she went to the innocent cause of her present grief and crushed it with her heel.

"She has crushed my heart in the same fashion!" she said very bitterly, as she looked with fierce anger on the trampled flower.

It was seldom that the family sat down to luncheon alone; but on this day no visitors were present; and the first thing that struck Angela was the broad black ribbon bound round her mother's wrist.

Never suspecting what it meant, she asked suddenly, before the servants who were waiting at table—

"Mamma, what have you done to your wrist?"

There was a moment's awkward silence. The Captain's handsome face flushed, and Lady Laura grew pale.

"I hurt it badly this morning, Angel," she answered at last. "I struck it and bruised it."

"Why did you not send for me?" asked Angela reproachfully.

"I did not think much of it at the time, dear, and my maid bound it nicely for me."

But that evening, when it was time to dress for Mrs. Hardcastle's reception, Lady Laura found her arm so swollen and painful as to render it impossible for her to go out and Angela became curious about the injury.

When she spoke of it to Doris, the maid, the girl could tell her nothing, although she had her own opinion.

She was not in the least deceived by her mistress's story, for the mark of three cruel fingers was plainly visible, and she guessed pretty accurately as to the cause; but she said nothing to Miss Rooden.

"Her misery will begin soon enough," she thought, "if all is true that I hear going round."

Doris Newsham had not spent several hours with Gladys Rane's maid in vain.

A faint wonder lingered in the heart of Lady Laura as to whether the Captain would offer to remain at home with her, as it was his violence to her which prevented her from going out.

She waited and watched, but he did not come.

Would he not even seek her to say how sorry he was?

"I am not going out, mamma," she said. "How could I? I should be miserable, knowing that I had left you in pain."

"Has the Captain gone?" asked her ladyship. In spite of all that had happened, in spite of his cold neglect of her, her whole heart was with him; she had no other thought, no other interest.

"Yes; he drove off half an hour ago, bearing your excuses and mine," Angela replied.

Then he had not cared or remembered even that he had hurt her; he had not looked in to say that he was sorry, or to give her one kind word. He had ignored her altogether.

The next morning she read in the fashionable gossip that Miss Rane had been one of the beauties present at Mrs. Hardcastle's reception, and also that she had favored Lady Bland with her presence.

Captain Wynyard's name was also among the list of visitors.

Lady Laura's heart was torn with anguish; she could imagine what an evening they had enjoyed together, how he had gone with her rival from one place to the other; and her heart grew faint as she brooded over it.

Though her arm was painful for some time, and kept her indoors for more than a week, the Captain never asked after it or made any allusion to it; but, though the bruise on her wrist disappeared in time, the pain at her heart remained the same.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE most brilliant season that London had known for some time was coming to an end, and Angela looked forward joyfully to her and her mother and Captain Wynyard's return home, or at least to their leaving town.

There must be an end to much of their unhappiness, she thought, when they left the galeties of London behind.

When Gladys Rane was no longer in sight, the Captain could not show his devotion to her and her mother no longer be tortured by his open display of affection for her.

It was just possible, too, that, away from this brilliant woman and her influence, the Captain might be kinder to his wife.

As for love, he had feigned sufficient to win her; but he had had none in reality, and it was hardly likely that in that respect he would enact the part of hypocrite again.

Still he might be kinder, and even that would be something gained. With such thoughts, Angela awaited almost impatiently the close of the season.

There had been a grand gala evening at the Royal Italian Opera-house.

All the elite of society had crowded thither to hear Patti sing.

The most beautiful and fashionable seemed to have been gathered together in the Opera-house; and among the most brilliant Lady Laura Wynyard was conspicuous. She wore pale blue velvet, with pearls.

Angela wore white silk, with red roses and no jewels.

Gladys Rane, her dark passionate face glowing with excitement, wore pale amber satin, with finest black lace, through which her well-formed neck and shoulders shone like ivory.

They were certainly the three most beautiful women present.

No sooner had the Captain seen his wife and Miss Rooden seated than he went to Lady Kinloch's box, and there, despite her ladyship's hints and plain-spoken words, he remained.

He would not leave the side of the girl he admired.

The season was nearly over, he would not have many more such delightful hours, and he was determined to make the most of the present.

And Gladys, seemed not unwilling to encourage him.

She took little notice of the men who entered the box, but bestowed all her smiles and conversation upon the handsome Captain, and visitors, feeling themselves de trop went away.

Lady Kinloch was exceedingly angry; but, beyond a few sharp words to the Captain, she gave no sign of it.

Gladys understood pretty well what would await her on her return home; and therefore, regardless of consequences, she decided to enjoy the present.

Her dark eyes filled with light, her dark passionate face glowed with triumph, as she regarded the lovely but forlorn-looking lady in the opposite box.

The wife of the man by her side, though beautiful as a dream, the fairest, the most refined, the most graceful in the whole of that brilliant circle, could not win a smile from him who had vowed to love and cherish her.

"It is one of our last few evenings together, Gladys," he said; "I shall not leave you."

When Lady Laura had borne this spectacle of her husband's devotion to another as long as she could, she turned to Lord Eastham, who was vainly worshipping at her shrine.

"I have forgotten to give the Captain a message with which I was intrusted for him," she said. "Will you tell him I should like to see him for a few minutes? Please add that I will not detain him."

Lord Eastham was a man of the world; he took in the position at a glance, and, though he did not like his commission, he executed it with a high hand and a good grace.

He made his way to Lady Kinloch's box, and, after speaking, for a few minutes to the ladies, delivered Lady Laura's message.

The Captain frowned when he heard it, and his wife saw the frown.

"I must go, I suppose," he said.

And Gladys whispered to him as he went—

"Do not stay long, Vance."

"You may be sure of that," he quickly answered.

"I am compelled to go," said the handsome Captain to himself, as he proceeded to his wife's box; "but I am inclined to think that my wife will never send for me again in such circumstances as these."

His face was pale with anger when he rejoined Lady Laura; but for appearance sake he smiled, for appearance sake he leaned over the back of her chair, thus giving the idea that they were on the most friendly terms. Then he hissed into her ear—

"Why did you send for me?"

She did not turn to answer him, but looked straight at the stage.

"I wanted to ask you if you are not making your devotion to Miss Rane too apparent? You are attracting public attention, and that is bad for her, if not for you. You have been in that box the whole evening."

"Is that what you wanted to say—all you have to say?"

"Yes," she replied.

"I am going back then; and I am going home to supper with Lady Kinloch. Do not send for me again."

The brightest of smiles was on his face as he left the box.

He knew that the arrow had gone straight home, that it had struck the gentle loving heart.

He went back to Gladys Rane; but, when he looked in triumph at his wife's box, she had left it.

For one minute Lady Laura sat stunned by the cruelty of her husband's words; then she rose from her seat, her face pale, her manner agitated.

"Angel," she said quietly to her daughter, "I am sorry to disturb you; but I must go home."

When Angela saw the look of despair on the pale face, she knew that her mother must return home.

She bent towards her ladyship and whispered—

"Mamma darling, take care—so many people are looking at us; do not let them perceive the pain you feel."

"Take me home, Angel!" said the despairing woman.

An hour later Lady Laura Wynyard sat in her dressing-room, surely the most miserable woman in London!

She had torn the pearls from her hair and her breast; her golden tresses lay in dishevelled masses over her shoulders.

She beat her breast, and gave vent to wailing sobs; she was frantic with her passionate jealousy and keen misery.

Then she clung to Angela, crying out that she was the most miserable woman in the world, that she wished she could die, that her husband had ceased to love her.

There came a quieter moment, when she looked up at her daughter and said—

"Oh, Angela, if I could undo it—if I could undo my most miserable marriage! Yet I love him."

Angela had never found it so difficult to soothe or calm her mother.

She bathed the tear-stained face; she smoothed the golden hair, so tangled and tumbled; she kissed the pale quivering lips.

But neither gentle words nor loving caresses seemed to assuage her grief.

"Mamma," she said gently, "you must not agitate yourself in this way; you will make yourself ill. See how you tremble!"

"Oh, Angel, it would be easier to die at once!" she cried. "But I cannot. There was a time when I believed that grief killed quickly; but it does not — it tortures slowly."

Lady Laura Wynyard was very ill that night.

Angela would not leave her, and the girl's thoughts were very unhappy ones, as she saw the wreck that had been made of her mother's life.

It seemed strange to her that this man should have had the power to change their lives so completely.

Before he had met them they had known nothing but happiness; now it seemed as though they would never be happy again. Angela was seriously alarmed and anxious with respect to her mother, for she felt that much more of this misery would crush her entirely.

Her beautiful fragile mother, who had always been so indulgently loved, was unfit to battle with pain; yet how was it to be prevented? What could be done?

"If I were to humble myself and go to him, if I were to implore of him to make my mother happier, he would only laugh me to scorn," she thought. "Oh, if I could but get her back to Rood!"

Angela thought long and anxiously about it, but she was powerless to effect any change.

No idea came to her as to how she could help her mother out of the misery that surrounded her.

"There must be some end to this," she said to herself; "it cannot last."

She wondered if her mother would consent to leave—that was the only remedy she could hit upon—and on the day following, when Lady Laura, looking very weak and ill, sat in her boudoir, Angela broached the subject to her gently.

"Mamma," she said, "I wish I could take you back to Rood. You are not happy here."

"No, I am not," replied her ladyship sadly. "I do not think I shall ever be happy or bright again, Angel."

"I hope you will, mamma," she sighed. "We were happy enough once. Mamma, do not be angry with me if I say something exceptional to you."

Yet, now that her opportunity was come, the words seemed difficult to find. "You are not happy with the Captain, why stay with him? He makes your life miserable and unendurable. Leave him!"

Lady Laura started as the bold proposal was made to her.

"Leave my husband, Angel? I could not my dear; I could not live without him. I know he has ceased to love me; he is cold, indifferent, cruel even; but I could not leave him, I could not give him up. Ah, Angel, you do not know what it is to love!"

"I am very glad to say that I do not, mamma. It seems to me that what people call 'love,' as a rule, brings nothing but misery."

Angela, recognizing the strange infatuation of her mother for her father-in-law, did not again urge the point; but, though she was silent, Fate was busy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE came a respite when the season ended. Lady Kinloch took her niece to Paris.

The two had quarrelled seriously about the handsome Captain, and Gladys had maintained her right to keep up her friendship with him, if she chose.

"There would be no objection to your friendship," said Lady Kinloch, "if it were of an ordinary kind; but you must acknowledge that he devotes his time and attention to you as though he were your lover."

"He was my lover once," retorted Gladys quickly. "He likes my society and seeks it, and I see no harm in that."

"I do," said Lady Kinloch; "I see great harm in it. In the first place, no married man has a right to seek the society of a young girl like yourself while he neglects his wife; and Captain Wynyard, we know, does neglect his, for it has become a matter of common gossip."

"His wife must take her chance, aunt, as all other wives do," said Gladys, with a sullen look on her fair face. "I don't think that I am bound to study her."

"I do," returned Lady Kinloch emphatically. "I wonder that you do not see how blind you are to your own interests! You cannot expect any good offers of marriage while Captain Wynyard is always by your side."

"I do not want them," said Gladys proudly.

"You do not want offers of marriage! You are careless and indifferent about them! May I ask what you intend to do with your life?"

"Wear it away as others do," she answered drearily. "Aunt, it was you who made a mistake; you should have let me marry Captain Wynyard."

"Why, you would have had nothing to live upon!" cried Lady Kinloch, aghast.

"I begin to think that that would not have mattered so much," she replied. "I have found out that happiness and love are better than money."

"It is all very well to say so while you live in the midst of luxury; but you would soon change your ideas if you tried love and poverty. I have done my best for you, Gladys, and, if you marry well, I shall leave you my property; but I must say I do not like to hear you speak in that manner."

"Aunt," said Gladys frankly, "we need never renew the subject; but, while we are discussing it, let me say that I ought to have married Captain Wynyard. I should have been happy then; now all that I have to do is to make the best of my ruined life."

"Knowing that, Gladys," said Lady Kinloch firmly, "does it not seem to you that your duty is to avoid him?"

"No," she replied; "I have confidence in myself. His friendship is pleasant to me, and I do not see why I should give it up."

"Do you suppose, Gladys, that, if you marry, your husband will allow this friendship to exist?"

"If he be a wise man, he will," she answered; "but, as in all probability he will not be a wise man, I shall have to give it up."

"I am glad you take so sensible a view of it," remarked Lady Kinloch.

After that conversation, Lady Kinloch doubted whether she had done wisely, after all, in preventing her niece's marriage with the handsome Captain—whether it would not have been better to let them find out for themselves what love and poverty were like.

Still she had this satisfaction—she had acted for the best—she had followed the code that the world had down—she had followed the highest light she knew.

However, she resolved upon one thing; she would for the future keep her niece as far apart from Captain Wynyard as she could.

When she heard that the Captain was going to Nice with Lady Laura, who was in delicate health, she decided upon a trip to Paris; and thither with her lovely niece Gladys she went.

Rumor for once spoke the truth.

The Captain had arranged to take his wife and Angela to Nice.

Lady Laura had lost her brightness, her dainty bloom, her radiance; and there was a constant shadow in her eyes, and curious lines that suggested intense mental suffering were round her lips.

She was but the wreck of the bright beautiful woman who had left Rood Abbey but a short time before.

One by one she had given up the pleasures of the season.

She could not attend the balls, the late hours tried her too much; she could not endure the fatigue of garden-parties, of "At Homes" or receptions.

One by one she had given them all up; and then, after a short stay in Scotland, a fashionable physician was consulted.

He knew what ailed her ladyship before he was called in, and gave his opinion at once—"Change of air and perfect rest." The Captain suggested Nice for the winter and his wife was quite willing.

It was a matter of indifference to her whither she went.

"I shall not be able to remain at Nice the whole time," the Captain announced, "but I shall be there for awhile."

To be shut up in a villa with a delicate wife and an antagonistic step-daughter was not the line of life best suited to the dashing Captain.

He felt however he had done his duty in consulting the most fashionable physician in London and in hastening to carry out his instructions.

Then matters improved for a time.

Lady Laura enjoyed and benefitted by the change, the Captain being kind to her in a lazy indifferent fashion.

He drove out with her; he sat with her at times; once or twice even he carried his complaisance so far as to read the newspapers to her.

She tried to dismiss the memories of the past and be happy, but her soul seemed to be dead within her.

She knew that he did not love her, that he never had loved her; and in every action of his, in every word, in every deed, she traced his want of love.

There was nothing however to complain of during those few weeks.

The Captain certainly would leave her at times for days; but she never asked whither he was going, and he never volunteered any information.

When he returned, he never said anything of where he had been or what he had done, and she never asked.

All minor interests had died in her heart; the one great fact lay before her—he did not love her—a fact that shadowed her life and darkened the whole world to her.

She made many efforts during this time of rest to win him back to her.

It dawned across her slowly that there could be no renewal of a love that had never existed.

"When I have fully mastered that truth," she said to herself, "and realize what it means, I shall be ready to die."

Never had mother a more devoted child than was Angela at this trying period. Invitations were lavished upon them; but Lady Laura was compelled to decline them because of her health, and Angela because she would not leave her mother.

The Captain was the only member of the family who went into society, and he was always warmly welcomed.

He soon became as popular in Nice as he had been in London, and he was rather pitied than otherwise for having a "delicate wife." "A sad drawback!" "A constant anxiety!" the ladies remarked; but who amongst them knew that it was he himself who had driven the bloom from his wife's cheeks and had wrecked her happiness?

"Angel," said Lady Laura one day, "I wish you would go out more. I cannot bear to see you shut up as it were, with me."

"Do you call this being shut up mamma?" asked Angela, with a smile, as she looked round on the charming scenery.

"I mean, my dear, that you are always by my side. You might have gone to that picnic to-day."

"But I preferred remaining with you, darling," rejoined the girl, with intense love shining in her eye. "I always do and always shall. My greatest earthly delight is to be with you mamma."

"How you remind me of your father, child! He had the same loving impulsive manner, the same warm heart."

"I am glad that I remind you of him, mamma," said the girl, well pleased.

"You do indeed, my dear; and there is something in your voice which grows more like his. It is like sweet music to me."

"I am delighted to hear you say that," declared Angel. "I have often wished that I were more like him. I remember his bright face and laughing eyes so well. How kind he was to every one—how good he was, how true! I love to think of him."

Out of the fulness of her heart she told many little anecdotes of the father whom she had loved so much. Lady Laura listened with a smile on her face, and for once the Captain was forgotten. Some of the lost peace and happiness came back to the fragile lady who had once been dearly loved.

* * * * * *

Lady Laura Wynyard and her daughter passed the next summer in Switzerland, and one beautiful morning in August they were together in the grounds of their villa. The golden sun shone on the blue waters; the air was fresh and invigorating. An invalid-chair had been placed for Lady Laura under the drooping boughs of a tall tree, so that she might rest in the shade.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OF CHINESE ETIQUETTE.—If our own girls were to regard many of the ensuing rules, they would gain something in demeanor:—

A young girl walking in the street must not turn her head round, nor at home is she to glance slyly at visitors. She is to remember, moreover, that girls who are always laughing and talking are not esteemed; and that virtuous women have been honored from the earliest times.

The philosopher, Mendze, grieved when he saw his mother break her shuttle; the woman Twan threw herself on to a sword in order to save her husband's life; the mother of Ao, being so poor that she could not buy writing materials, taught her son to read by tracing characters in the sand.

Women should be able to read, write, and count, so as to be in a position to direct a household.

Women should be reserved; and they are enjoined never to occupy themselves with other people's affairs.

Men ought not to talk of domestic matters, while women should never talk of anything else. But politeness must not be sacrificed to housewifery, and while a visitor is in the drawing-room the lady of the house should not be heard raising her voice in the kitchen.

Women are not to paint their faces and wear striking colors, for if they do men will look at them.

Young women, as well as young men, are to be dutiful to their parents, and always in a good humor, even when their parents are not. They are to ask them whether they are hot or whether they are cold, to take them food and drink, and to furnish them new boots and shoes.

When a young girl is grown up and married to an honest man, she must not forget her parents, and once or twice a year must ask permission of her husband to go and see them. "From the highest antiquity until the present day the rule in marriage has been that the husband commands and the wife obeys."

BEFORE MARRIAGE.—Lovers' quarrels arise from different causes; sometimes from more intensity of affection making undue exactions, and at others from causes which, properly understood and appreciated, would warn the parties of the impossibility of their ever living happily together. For instance; a young man who is engaged finds his affianced very jealous. Whenever they meet other ladies in society, she treats him with great coolness. This chills his ardor, and makes him discontented; so much so that he is in doubt about marrying her at all. He has, in fact, come to the conclusion that if he believed she would treat him after marriage in the same way she does now, he would never marry her. As a general proposition, it may be laid down that persons will not change essentially after marriage. M. S.

Scientific and Useful.

SNAKE BITES.—The London *Medical Times* remarks that the treatment of snake bite by putting gun-powder on the wound and touching it off with a match, though rough, is often successful.

IN THE DARK.—A German paper says that forty parts of paper pulp, ten parts of water, one part of gelatine and one part of bichromate of potash, with ten parts of phosphorescent powder, will make a paper which will shine in the dark, and which will be suitable for labels, signs, etc.

COLLARS.—The starched linen collar is under the ban of the dress reformers, one of whom says: "In connection with coughs and weak throats few people consider to what an extent these are due to chills caused by the impervious starched linen collar." An unstarched woollen collar is recommended.

RE-PRINTING.—Printed matter may be copied on any paper of an absorbent nature by dampening the surface with a weak solution of acetate of iron and pressing in an ordinary copying press. Old writing may also be copied on unsized paper if wet with a weak solution of sulphate of iron, mixed with a small solution of sugar syrup.

STEEL AND RUST.—It is easy to prevent rust within show-cases. It is well known that the rusting of bright steel goods is due to the precipitation of atmospheric moisture upon the metal. This may be obviated by keeping the air surrounding the goods in a dry condition, and a saucer of powdered quicklime placed in an ordinary show-case will usually suffice to prevent the rusting of the cutlery exhibited therein, as the lime will take up the moisture.

COLORS AND DYES.—The great variety of colors and dyes obtained from common plants, growing so abundantly almost everywhere, is apparently known to but few persons except chemists. The well-known huckleberry or blueberry, when boiled down with an addition of a little alum and a solution of copperas, will develop an excellent blue color, the same treatment, with a solution of nut galls, produces a clean dark brown tint, while with alum, verdigris and sal ammoniac various shades of purple and red can be obtained. The fruit of the elder, so frequently used for coloring spirits, will also produce a blue color when treated with alum. The privet, boiled in a solution of salt, furnishes a serviceable color, and the over-ripe berries yield a scarlet red. A lively green is furnished by the broom corn.

Farm and Garden.

POULTRY.—The poultry scattered about in coops, on trees and fences, must now be taught to roost in the houses. It may require some perseverance and patience, but it ought to be done right away. A long, cold, wet storm may come any day, and in its train, colds, croup and death.

BUSHES AND FENCES.—Bushes along the fences cause the cattle to reach over the fences and break them down. After awhile they crawl over, and when they get over once the second offense comes easier. Breechy cattle are made in this way and damage often done which would pay for cutting the weeds and brush for years. Foul seeds are grown and spread from these sources. Clean-kept fences do the eyes good.

OFFSPRING.—The offspring of two animals will inherit the characteristics of both ancestors, those of the strongest parent predominating. This is to the farmer's advantage in breeding a common mare to a pure-bred stallion, and he should retain for breeding the mares that breed most after the horse. And if he has a well-bred mare, he should be all the more judicious, as in that case the ancestors will both transmit their strongest characteristics.

THE STABLES.—While every farmer supposes himself careful, and endeavors to save the manure that accumulates in the stables, yet there is a fearful waste on the majority of farms in not using proper measures to preserve the liquids and avoid fire-fanging of the solids. The proper use of absorbents, such as dry earth and plaster, would go far toward preventing such loss. Manure should also be covered in order to protect it from the sun and rains.

THE COWS.—At this season of the year bran is a most excellent food for cows. The tendency at this stage in gestation is to the making of fat and the shrinkage of milk. Bran is a flesh-former but not a fat-former, and if fed judiciously will correct the above mentioned tendency. Milk at this season is the most valuable with all spring-calving cows, and with a little care and foresight the shrinking tendency spoken of can be avoided and a large profit realized.

FLOWERS.—Even the most ordinary garden flowers are a delight when they bloom freely in winter, and are in the end more satisfactory than rare plants which must be coaxed to bring forth an occasional flower. A thrifty plant of common single petunia put in a sunny window will fairly run riot, and you will have blossoms by dozens. When the blossoming branches have grown too long and slender, cut them back and new ones will start out. They are not apt to be troubled by insects, and dry air does not affect them much.

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The Use of Free Will.

A certain lady, weeping and angry, was asked by a friend to whom she confided her trouble, "Can't you do as you please?" "Yes," she replied, "that is just what makes me angry. I don't know which I want to do, and I want to be made do one thing or the other; then I can scold if it doesn't turn out right. It is a mean thing to leave it to me to decide. I don't want to do as I please."

Her answer strikes a chord that finds many echoes. Give a man the utterly untrammeled use of his own free will, and you put into his hands a lever that he does not know how to manage.

Run across, as you sometimes will, one of these happy-go-lucky, well-provided for creatures who can in point of fact do pretty much as they please under any circumstances, and you find somebody who, if not in a peck of trouble three-fourths of the time, that has been brought about solely through his or her own ingenious mismanagement in the self-government line, at all events, really the most discontented, purposeless being ever created.

One of the most unfortunate positions in which a human being can be placed is that wherein two or three distinct roads can be taken with equal facility at every point, the choice resting solely on the traveler himself.

A heedless man, lacking the forethought and ability to look through both ends of the telescope at the same time, which would prompt a woman to try and wing a scapegoat the first shot, would probably thank his stars for the luck which gave him the chance to do precisely as he pleased.

A thoughtful man, while perhaps not coward enough to wish to wholly shirk the ordeal, would nevertheless shrink from it. He may decide judiciously, and he may not. It rests wholly with himself, and he has no means of knowing just what is right. He must use his own judgment, and take the consequences of his own decision, let them be what they may, and that is something which no man likes, or is willing to do, if he can possibly avoid it.

There is a peculiar tenderness about the subject of a man's sagacity and discernment; it is, in fact, a most delicate point, which must be handled with kid gloves, if touched upon at all in anything like a spirit of criticism. Accuse him of downright villainy or rascality, and he will pardon you more freely a hundredfold than if you assail the correctness of his mental skill and judgment. Roguery or rascality pre-supposes a certain amount of cleverness in the premises, over and above that possessed by the victims of it, be they two or twenty. You credit him with a certain amount of brains—more, perhaps, than most people; only he has misused them; but that is owing entirely to his own perversity. It is his fault, and not his misfortune, and humanity, as a whole, can stand anything better than having been slighted by Mother Nature.

This is a curious trait, but it is one which runs through the human family from beginning to end, in some degree. One thing may be that an omission of Nature's own touch is well nigh irreparable, especially in the matter of cranial furniture. An arm, or a leg, or even a glass eye, may be substituted and made to answer, in a measure, for the real article; but there is no duplicate for brains in any form, and when they are lacking once they are lacking for good and all.

As a general thing, supply a man with somebody else to put the blame on, and so conceal his own bungling brainwork in a case of conspicuous failure, and he will not care how things really go. The brunt of the trouble is apt to make itself felt when success happens to come, as it does now and again when least expected, and the possible scapegoat suddenly rises and demands the major share of credit and profits for his management of the wheel.

No two men ever started in partnership in any enterprise yet without splitting on this rock sooner or later. The women generally strike it before they start out at all—especially when it is a question of "ideas." If there is one suggestion made better than all the rest put together, it is morally certain to be claimed for their own by everybody concerned.

This is not owing to anything like dishonesty or out-and-out plagiarism, or braggadocio, but rather to a sincere, well-grounded belief that the claim is a perfectly just one.

By some peculiar process of reasoning, the ordinary male (or female) of the human species invariably arrives at the conclusion that any piece of ingenuity which is at all susceptible of being whipped into practical shape, must, of necessity, have emanated from his or her own particular brain. And probably by the same process, failure or non-success is, of course, always to be laid at the door of somebody else's blundering. Yet experience frequently proves that when the thinker and worker are united—or attempted to be united—in one there is commonly a screw left loose somewhere. Imagination and practicality seldom go hand in hand.

One may have a talent for invention, but it needs somebody of a different mould to put the invention in working order; yet number one begrudges the least bit of credit that belongs to number two, and number two heartily returns the compliment by ranking number one as a mere spectator.

It is only another proof of the superiority of the female intellect in matters of smaller amount, that a woman never goes into the action without a reserve corps. No matter what happens, she always has somebody or something to bring to the front unexpectedly, and shift the blame upon in case of defeat.

A man looks for his scapegoat after the blow has fallen. A woman has hers bottled up and ready for instant use before she opens fire. When she doesn't find one handy, she takes one of two courses—either waits, or does high tragedy after the manner of the heroine quoted in the opening lines, though we doubt whether many of the sex would be willing to come up to the latter's standard in the matter of pure candor and literal truthfulness.

DRINKING represents the whole plan and school of sin. Every act of culpable yielding to the temptation to drink to excess, is not only a step to the formation of an ingrained habit in the person himself, but also a step toward the setting up of a hereditary tendency to drunkenness in his children and descendants. On the other hand, the more strongly any such besetting sin assails us by nature—the more deeply implanted it may be in the very form and structure of our nervous system—the greater is the necessity for constant watchfulness against its insidious attacks, and the deeper the importance of guarding against it by every means that lies in our power. To form a bad habit is of all things most dangerous when we find ourselves already prone to the habit by very nature. By way of compensation, however, we may reflect with pleasure that every temptation resisted, every weakness thwarted, every active exercise of self control ensured, helps to build up a habit of resistance, and makes victory over the evil more easy in future. Exactly as by frequently writing the new address of the friend who has moved, we learn at last to forget the old one, so by frequently and constantly taking the better course of action we learn, at last, almost without an effort, to avoid the worse.

A FAMOUS preacher, speaking of works, says that practice and theory must go together. Theory, without practice to test it, to verify it, to correct it, is idle speculation; but practice without theory to animate it, is mere mechanism. In every art and business, theory is the soul, and practice the body. The soul without the body in which to dwell is indeed only a ghost, but the body without a soul is only a corpse. I sometimes pass a sign on which the artisan has painted, "John Smith (or whatever the name may be), Practical Plumber." I should not wish to employ him. When the water-works in my house get out of order, I want a theoretical plumber as well as one that is practical. I want a man who understands the theory of hydrostatic pressure; who knows the laws of giving resisting qualities to lead, iron, zinc and copper; who can so arrange and plan beforehand the order of pipes that he shall accomplish the result aimed at with the smallest amount of piping, the least exposure to frost, the least danger of leakage or breakage; and this a merely practical man, a man of routine, cannot do. The merest artist needs to theorize—that is, to think—to think beforehand, to foresee; and that must be done by the aid of general principles, by the knowledge of laws.

IF one wants wealth, or fame, or power, or a recognized position in the eyes of the world, he soon finds out that it is not to be gained by wishing for it. It must be won, if at all, by hard work—by a protracted struggle, which will be doubtful for a long time, and which may very possibly be unsuccessful in the end. To some natures, confident in their own resources, and endowed with energy and determination, there is a positive charm in the choice of a road not distinctly marked out in advance, and in which dangers and adventures may present themselves at any moment. They are resolved to succeed, and they probably do succeed. They may be beaten back a thousand times, but they push through, and come safely to the goal. Others there are more prudent, or more timid, or less well-furnished with offensive and defensive arms. Great things, they feel, are not for them, greatly as they may wish for them, and gladly as they would receive them on the easy terms on which they are not to be had. So they make up their minds to do without them, and to put up with the best equivalents that come in their way. They are not always aware of what they are doing, or of the appointed end which is only too surely waiting for them. Gradually the truth dawns upon them. They have chosen to be nobodies, and the choice once made is not to be reversed.

LIFE has often been compared to the sea; in youth, a thousand siren voices prophesying bliss; we ride triumphantly upon the circular waves of circumstances; the soul expands, bursts its boundaries, and mounts upon a higher wave; and the heart tends to constant expansion, as waves of feeling or emotion sweep over it. But the foam and sparkle of imagination is evanescent; and a cold wave of reality disperses the airy forms, which, like the unsubstantial fabric of a dream, have circled around us in witching procession. Still, through the ivory gate of dreams, the waves of memory glide into the caverns of the past, and all their riches become once again their own, and, as the tide of life flows on, we derive a mournful pleasure from these reveries.

MAKE it a rule, and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say: "I have made one human being at least a little wiser, or a little better this day." You will find it easier than you think, and pleasanter. Easier, because if you wish to do God's work, God will surely find you work to do; and pleasanter, because in return for the little trouble it may cost you, or the little choking of foolish, vulgar pride it may cost you, you will have a peace of mind, a quiet of temper, a cheerfulness and hopefulness about yourself and all around you, such as you never felt before.

THERE can be no Christianity where there is no charity.

The World's Happenings.

England has between 300,000 or 400,000 cyclists.

The Czar of all the Russias eats only one meal a day.

Elevator accidents kill more people than boiler explosions do.

Robin with mushrooms is the latest delicacy of the Florida hotels.

A contrivance by means of which the blind can play cards is a new invention.

It is a sweet potato one yard long that a Kansas paper hugs to its boastful bosom.

They are selling native wines in California at five cents a glass—and a very large glass at that.

The fourth crop of berries this season was recently picked from a York, Pa., raspberry bush.

A suit over eight cents occupied the Portland, Me., Municipal Court two hours on a recent Monday.

A Florida man is shortly to have one of his limbs amputated because of a wound received in the late war.

A tax of $150 for each performance, and $100 for the street parade, is inflicted by the town authorities on circuses exhibiting in Macon, Ga.

The Grogway is what Bergen, Norway, calls its fine new street, which has just been constructed from the proceeds of the liquor licenses.

Four Texan highwaymen, who robbed a farmer of nearly $700, declined to take some silver dollars that he happened to have in his possession.

"Ofttimes to meeting have I went, with my fine clothes and beauty shoes," is the opening couplet of a favorite negro revival hymn in Georgia.

A flourishing English society is the "London Association of Schoolmistresses," whose members meet to discuss school-teaching and management.

Generals, colonels and lesser official military lights, can be found to the number of 42 in Rome, Ga., but "not a single private is known to be within the city limits."

Among new clockwork toys for the coming Christmas is a bear so natural that when it snarls and snaps at little girls they scream and stand on tip-toe with fright.

In 1860, only 5,254 newspapers were published in the United States, or one for every 6,000 inhabitants. Now 13,404 newspapers are published, or one for every 3,716 inhabitants.

At a "tournament" at Spearfish, Dak., a steer was given a running start of seventy yards, and a cowboy overtook, lassoed and threw him, and, dismounting, tied his feet—all in 41 seconds.

At a revival meeting at Hopkinsville, Ind., occurred the wedding of a colored couple who begin their married life with thirty-two children—the groom having twenty-two and the bride ten.

A negro in Texarkana eats glass for a living. A writer in one of the medical papers says he will masticate glass for pay, "in any quantity from a small piece to a lamp-chimney; and keep it up all day."

A humane society of a novel sort is soon to be organized in a Connecticut town. Its object will be the care of the remains of persons supposed to be dead, until burial alive is shown to be an impossibility.

In England 39,073 people pay $5.00 a year each for the privilege of using a crest on their plate and note paper, and 17,347 pay $10 for painting it on their carriages. Nearly $400,000 revenue is derived from it.

New York grocers are importing small potatoes from Germany. The tubers are about as large as walnuts, and sell at five cents a pound. The great merit of the German potatoes is that they are imported and are costly.

According to a medical journal, plural births occur more frequently in Russia than in any other country, and when triplets are noted in the United States the father or mother will commonly be found to possess Russian blood.

The latest argument for the military drills in schools is that it teaches the boys to tread evenly instead of on the sides of their foot soles, and so saves the wear and tear of shoe leather to the extent, on an average, of one pair of shoes a year.

A corn festival is soon to be given by one of the Denver churches, at which the decorations will be composed of cornstalks, ears of corn, etc., and the menu will include corn cake, corn bread, corn fritters, corn starch, popped corn and the like.

Charles Downs, a three-year man in the Columbus, O., penitentiary, from Montgomery county, received in March last, the other day deliberately placed his left hand on a block and chopped three fingers off. He was employed in the bolt shop, and took this measure to secure a rest.

A big Newfoundland dog belonging to a man in San Francisco, snapped at a child who was plaguing him. The child's mother upbraided the dog, which slunk away, but soon returned with a rose, and, with very extravagant capers, laid it at the feet of the child. Then it hurried to its mistress for a caress.

A curious public house is among the latest attractions in Paris. It is called the Gallery' Tavern. The walls are hung with paintings representing the horrors of convict life, interspersed with portraits of notorious Communists. All the waiters are dressed in convict uniform, and wear the ball and chain of the regular convict.

A farmer living near Wabash, Ind., who blew his dog to pieces with a half pound of dynamite, narrowly escaped suffering a similar fate himself. The animal, instead of standing still, ran after the farmer, the fuse burning all the while, who was only a short distance ahead of the dog when the explosion occurred. The tiller of the soil was slightly injured.

VESPERS.

BY BUCHANAN READ

Autumn's sighing,
Moaning, dying;
Clouds are flying
On like steeds;
While their shadows,
O'er the meadows,
Walk like widows
Deck'd in weeds.

Winds are swelling
Round our dwelling,
All day telling
Us their woe;
And at vesper
Frosts grow crisper,
As they whisper
Of the snow.

The Knight's Vow.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IN the department of Auvergne, the sunniest, and fairest, and most fertile district of fair France, some miles from Monstrol, a narrow, savage, and indented glen, in striking contrast to the broad valley of the superb Loire, which it intersects, affords an outlet to the waters of the Lignon, which hurries down, fretting and chafing, over many a rocky dam, to join the larger river, between the stupendous masses of basaltic rock, black, rugged, and austere, yet beautiful and grand in all their varied aspects.

Below these mighty walls, reared ages ere the memory of man began, by subterranean fires, the whole slope of the valley, formed by the *debris* of the slaty rocks, is closed with massive and impervious foliage through which a difficult but most romantic path, ascends, taking the torrent for its guide, towards the little village of Issengeaux.

Above this road, which it commands, perched like the eyry of some bird of prey upon the verge of a projecting crag, three hundred feet at least above the waters which perpetually foam and murmur round its base, there may be seen to this day the remains rifted and gray, and overrun with immemorial ivy, which has most probably preserved them from entire ruin, of a tall Norman keep, or watch-tower.

It evidently never has been large; but in the early years of the thirteenth century, although even then an ancient building, it was entire, and a place of formidable strength.

A flanking wall of huge rough stones surrounded its small courtyard, with bartizans projecting at the angles, quite over the face of the precipice, and two small turrets, with many a loop and crenelle guarding the narrow gates, to which the only access was by a steep and zigzag path, hewn by the pick-axe through the solid rock, and purposely exposed at every traverse to shot of bow and arbalast, both from the castle and its outworks.

This perilous approach was liable, moreover, to be swept from end to end by avalanches, as it were, of rocky fragments, which were piled ready at each point of vantage, and that, too, so slightly that the frailest arm would be sufficient to launch them down the precipitous descent.

But, at the time with which we have to do, the fortress, although garrisoned, as might be judged from the steel-clad warder pacing his round upon the ballium, and the swallow-tailed pennoncelle floating above the keep, was evidently on good terms with the neighborhood; for its draw bridge was lowered across the deep, dry moat, hewn like the road, out of the solid rock, and the steel-clenched and grated leaves of the gate stood wide open.

In the small courtyard a groom was leading to and fro a splendid charger of the high breed of Andalusia, which, even at that early age; had been improved by mixture of the Arab blood, introduced by the Moorish victors, coal black, without a single speck or white except a small star on his brow, with a keen, vicious eye, and a mane that almost swept the ground, when it escaped from the confinement of the iron barbings, which, running all along the neck, connected the bright chamfront with the steel-plated saddle and sealed poitrel.

Another menial held the long lance and small three-cornered shield, waiting, as it would seem, until the rider might come forth; while several other pages and men-at-arms, and one or two girls, seemingly belonging to the household, were loitering round the entrance, admiring the fine horses, and laughing merrily among themselves at fifty trifles; just as youths and maidens have laughed at, and will laugh at still, despite philosophy and common sense to boot, from the creation downward.

In the third story of that ruined keep, accessible even now to an adventurous climber, there is a little chamber, occupying one-third of the area of the tower, irregular in shape, for two of its walls are segments, and the two others radii of a circle, its longest side being the outer wall of the castle, and its two ends partitions diverging from a central circle, which it occupied through the whole height of the building by a steep winding stair.

Though small, it is a pleasant spot even now, with three tall lancet-ated windows, through which the green leaves of the ivy flutter at every breath of air, commanding a wide prospect of the deep chasm-like valley of the Lignon, from its far mountain cradle down to its confluence with the majestic Loire, which, from that giddy height, may be seen winding its silver way through many a golden corn-field, many a teeming vineyard.

In this apartment, decorated with the best skill of that early day, were two young persons, deeply engaged in conversation, seemingly of a description the most interesting to their feelings.

They were of different sexes, both in the prime of youthful life, both eminently handsome; and, though there might be something of resemblance, rather of very distant kindred, or perhaps, of dwellers under the same ripe climate, than of more close connections.

The girl had not seen, certainly, her eighteenth summer; yet she was tall, and fully formed; her glowing bust, and all the wavy outlines of that most lovely of all lovely things, her woman-figure, developed to the full extent of that voluptuous roundness which, in a colder climate, would have betokened a maturer age.

Her face was not less perfect than her form; perfectly oval, with large dark Italian eyes, half langour and half fire; a nose, in which the slightest tendency towards the aquiline redeemed the insipid character of the more classic outline; lips exquisitely arched and pouting, with a perpetual dimple playing at either corner; and hair, the most superb that ever added to woman's beauty—dark as the wings of night, and so redundant, that if it had escaped from the confinement of the fillet which restrained it, it would have flowed down to her feet, veiling her person by its ample waves.

Nor was her beauty anywise impaired by the pensive, melancholy attitude which she maintained, as, half-reclined on a settee within the embrasure of one of the tall windows, with her chin propped upon an arm of the most perfect symmetry, she suffered her right hand to lie all unresisting in the fervent grasp of her companion; while of her eyes, which were bent earthward, nothing could be discovered but the long silky lashes so exquisitely pencilled in relief on her transparent cheeks.

He, too, was young—too young, as it would have seemed from the first glance, for the gilded spurs which showed he had attained already to the rank of knighthood; his hair, like hers, was coal-black, but different in this, that it was wreathed above a broad, high forehead with a thousand natural curls; his eyes were also dark, and sparkled with a quickness that showed him prone at least to gusts of passion; while the compression of his thin lips told as clearly of a character resolved and positive, as did the lines on his brow, and from each nostril downward to the angles of the mouth, speaking the dominion of unconquerable passions; still was the whole contour decidedly impressive and even handsome, though it might be doubted whether, at an age more advanced, the less attractive features might not predominate.

He was attired from the throat downward in a complete suit of chain mail, exquisitely wrought, and yielding to the play of every swelling muscle; polished, too, with rare skill, that every ring flashed to the early sunbeams as if it had been wrought of fabled adamant.

This dress, however, was only visible at the neck, where it was firmly rivited to a broad gorget of bright steel, and on the arms and legs, which it completely covered; these to the wrists, leaving the bony, but white hands defenceless; those to the ankles, where it was joined by splendid shoes of the same hard and glistening material.

All else was covered by a surcoat, resembling in form a herald's tabard, or the poncho of the South American, of pure white cloth, bisected in the front by a broad cross of scarlet.

This overdress was fastened round the waist by an embroidered belt, through which was thrust a long, stout, two-edged dagger, the only weapon of offence he bore about his person.

On a small oaken table, in the centre of the room, were placed in his helmet, a cumbrous flat-topped casque, with neither crest nor plume, and his gauntlets delicately wrought in scale; while his two-handed sword, a massive blade, four feet, at least, in length, with a cross-handled hilt proportionately large and heavy, rested against it, with a rich baldric trailing down upon the oaken floor.

"A thousand, thousand thanks, sweet Adelaide!" he said, pressing the fair hand which he grasped to his hot lips. "That word hath made me all invincible; that word has given me the strength the resolution, to dare all, to endure all, and by the aid of blessed Mary and her Son, to conquer all! Three years, when passed, are but so many days of retrospection. Three years, sweet Adelaide; three little years, and, by your father's promise, by your own dear avowal, you will be mine—mine own for ever! Is it not so—is it not, loveliest?"

"Have I not said it, Brian?" she replied, raising her liquid eyes to his; but dropping them again upon the instant, before the glance of fiery passion which encountered hers. "Have I not said it, Brian? How often must I vow—to satisfy your earnestness? Is it that you misdoubt my word? Is it that I have all misread your soul, and that you are, in truth, as they rumor you, jealous unto suspicion—distrustful of all faith?"

"No, no! I believe it not," he answered, in tones absolutely choked with passionate emotion. "Doubt thee! As soon doubt Heaven! But say only, Adelaide—say only once again—that thou dost love me."

"I have said so—I have said so again and again, Brian. Yet, since it seems nought else will satisfy, I do, I do, with all my heart and soul, most singly and most wholly love you!" she exclaimed, a deep crimson flush prevading as she spoke, not her cheeks only, but her brow, her neck, her bosom, and those exquisitely-falling shoulders, as far as they were visible above the collar of her low velvet bodice, while her full eyes met his with so deep an expression of voluptuous passion, and dwelt on his face so languidly, that Brian was emboldened to throw his right hand round her sylph-like waist, and clasp her to his bosom.

Nor did the maid resist, but twining her soft arms about his neck, she met his kiss half-way; and for ten seconds space their hearts beat against each other's bosom in tumultuous union, their eyes grew dim with passion, their lips were sealed together.

But after that one burst of irresistible frenzy—for love in its excess is frenzy, the maiden extricating herself from his embrace, parted the close curls on his forehead, and imprinted there one long kiss; then arising, with a blush yet deeper than before,—

"There, Brian, there," she said, playfully! "that must both satisfy and convince thee. More I cannot say; more I cannot give thee! And now, God speed thee! Let not the lip of woman bear away that kiss which I have left upon thy brow, as I shall keep for thee the burning one which thou hast printed on my lip—nay, rather on my soul! And now, God speed thee, Brian, and farewell!"

His helmet was braced on, his espadon was belted.

Snatching his gauntlets from the table, with the rich scarf, which she had given, bound on his left arm, he cast one long, long glance upon the lady of his heart, and daring not to trust himself to speak, rushed down the winding staircase, taking three steps at once, his steel shoes clanging, and the point of his huge broadsword clashing and jarring on the stones.

He gained the court, and scattered his largesse to the menials, who, cap in hand, saluted him with loud lip-love, vaulted at once into the saddle, and, at a pace positively fearful, plunged down the steep descent, his horse's hoofs striking at every bound the fire from the flinty road that rang beneath the fury of his gallop.

Once he looked back, just where the traverse from the Castle joined the road down the Lignon.

A fair, round arm was waving from the lattice, where they but now had stood together, a white kerchief, and the proverbially quick eye of the lover fancied it could have recognised that arm of snow among ten thousand.

Bowing his helmed head quite to the saddle-bow, he brandished his lance high in air, making the pennoncelle which graced it rustle and waver in the sunlit atmosphere, like the flash of a shooting star; and spurring his hot Andalusian to yet fiercer speed, devoured both hill and valley in his course, and joined his comrades on their way towards the fatal sands of Syria, long ere their rear had passed the high and narrow bridge which spans, even to the present day, the confluence of the Loire and Lignon.

Three years have passed away—passed, as the young man had expressed himself to her he loved so dearly, but as so many days of retrospection.

That gallant army which had leaped so dauntlessly ashore from their proud red-cross galleys had whitened with their own bones the pestilential fields of Palestine.

Disease and want, and treason of false friends, and, more than all, dissensions in the host had marred the progress of that superb array, which, led by the unrivalled Lion Heart, the wise and wary Philip, and scores of other chiefs whose names were second to these only, had threatened the extermination of the Saracen dominion.

Philip Augustus had returned to his paternal kingdom, and was occupied more wisely, if less gloriously, in fixing himself more firmly on his throne than any king who had sat there since the great Charles.

Richard, who, reluctant to depart, had lingered with his bold islanders as long as any hope remained, was now a captive in the dungeons of the mean-spirited and vengeful Austrian.

None of that lordly expedition remained in the land except the Templars and the Hospitallers whose vow permitted them neither peace nor truce so long as infidels possessed the city of the tomb.

Three years had passed, and more; and from the first glad tidings which reached France of their triumphant debarkation, of their first mighty victory, no ship arrived but brought reports proving that Brian de Latouche had well made good his boast to Adelaide de Montemar.

And when the axe of England's Lion Heart had dashed the gates of that same city into atoms, forcing its way through the heart of oak and bars of steel as though they had been reeds and pasteboard, it was the foot of Brian de Latouche that pressed the threshold second to Richard's only.

Nay, more, when France had treacherously fallen from the league, though still a few of her best warriors tarried to win their laurels under the flag of their hereditary foe—when, after having relieved Jaffa, that most unequalled hero sustained with "seventeen knights and three hundred archers" "the charge of sixty thousand Turks, and, grasping his lance, rode furiously along their front, from the right to left wing, without meeting an adversary who dared encounter his career," it was again the hand of Brian de Latouche that couched his spear by Richard's bridle arm.

Whenever he couched lance, his cry was "Adelaide de Montemar!"—till at that *cri de guerre* alone, a hundred of the boldest Musselmans would draw their reins in terror; till, as the youth had boasted, each knight of the Christian host had heard the lame, and, judging of the beauty by the exploits it produced, had willingly admitted the pre-eminence of her whose charms and constancy were backed by so strong an arm and a heart so dauntless as those of Brian de Latouche.

Three years had passed and more, when, in a gloomy evening in November, on which the winds, sullenly wailing through the overcast and cloudy sky, were whirling the sere leaves from every tree, a stately knight, followed by four attendants—two of them negro slaves, with caftan, scimitar, and turban—two Christian men-at-arms, in plate and mail—rode wearily along the rocky path, which, following the valley of the Lignon, leads to the mountain keep of Enguerrand de Montemar, the chatelain of Issengeaux.

The knight was a tall, powerful figure, sheathed *cap-a pie* in armor of linked mail, partially covered by the white surcoat of a crusader.

He sat with practised grace on a superb blood bay Arabian, sixteen hands high at least, and powerful enough to bear a knight in complete panoply throughout the longest day that ever yet was spent in battle.

The noble steed was not comparisoned for battle, decorated with the slightest furniture then used, as though the practised eye of his owner was aware that everything which tended to conceal the exquisite proportions of the animal must be a blemish rather than an ornament.

Yet, light as was the saddle and the corresponding housings, a heavy battle-axe of steel, magnificently wrought with carvings of Damascus, was slung one side of the pommel, while from the other was suspended, as if to balance it there, a mace.

These, save the dagger at his belt, were the only offensive weapons which the rider bore; for one of the esquires, in addition to his own arms, carried the long lance and heart-shaped shield of the knight, while the other led a coal-black Andalusian, fully barbed for battle, to whose steel saddle was attached, besides the usual mace and battle-axe, his long two-handed broadsword.

The face of the warrior, as also his strong hands, were bare, for his casque and gauntlets hung with his battle-axe, at the saddle-bow; while his head was protected only by a low cap of scarlet cloth, with a long drooping plume, leaving his strongly-marked and very noble features exposed to the eye.

Short coal-black hair curled round a forehead unusually high and massive, worn away somewhat at the temples by the pressure of the helmet, and closely cut behind, that it might not impede the fastenings of the mail-hood, displayed a set of high, thin features, although the thick and corded veins upon the forehead, and the deep lines furrowed by the hot ploughshare of an excitable and ever-restless soul, betokened other and more fiery impulses, that well might aspire for prominence against the master passion.

The mouth was shadowed by a thick black moustache, which quivered, as it were, instinct with life, at every transient emotion; while, to complete the picture, a deep scar, crossing the forehead and narrowly missing the right eye, gave an expression of additional sternness to a countenance which in spite of its fierce and audacious character, could not be looked upon without both admiration and respect.

"That is the fortress, Amelot," he said, in deep, sonorous tones,—"that is the fortress. We shall be there anon. The ascent turns abruptly beyond that mighty chestnut, which has not yet lost all its leaves."

"And in good time here comes a wood-cutter, Sir Brian," answered the man-at-arms, a favorite esquire, whom he had addressed. "Were I not best to inquire?"

"Inquire what?" retorted the knight. "Inquire what, fool, what?" the once again repeated, as the esquire, little encouraged by his manner, hesitated to speak out.

"Whether the chatelain be at the fort," at length he faltered out.

"Why, where else should he be, thou dolt?" returned his master. "He hath no other castle; he dwells ever here."

For, strange though it may seem, it yet was most characteristic of the determined, resolute, and yet enthusiastic character of Brian de Latouche, that since he had returned to France he had made no inquiry concerning her whom he loved so devotedly.

He would have spurned the very thought as something nearly allied to sacrilege, and equally dishonorable to her and to himself, as arguing the existence, on his own part, of a most base and narrow-minded jealousy and authorizing a suspicion against her of the most shameful fickleness.

Nor, indeed, had he asked, would he have found anyone to answer, for so small was the consequence of Enguerrand de Montemar, and so small the renown of his daughter, except in so far as it had been promulgated by the deeds of Latouche himself, that scarcely anyone in France, except dwellers in their close vicinity, could have afforded him the smallest tidings of the object of his anxiety.

He passed the angle of the road, and great was his astonishment when he perceived that there waved no pennoncelle, above the battlements glanced no light through the casements of the tower.

Goaded almost to madness at the sight, he spurred his good horse to its utmost speed, and in a moment stood within the shadow of the drawbridge.

Raising his bugle to his lips, he blew a blast that made wood, rock, and river echo for minutes to its prolonged and piercing summons.

And long ere any answer could have been returned, again he sent it forth—again, and yet again, waking the peasantry for miles around, yet bringing no response from the apparently deserted fortalice.

At length, when Brian's patience was well-nigh exhausted, a feeble light gleamed from a shot-hole near the summit of the tower, was lost, shone out again a story lower, and at last reached the court.

A moment after it flashed from a crenelle in the watch-tower by the gate, displaying the white hair and features of the old seneschal, who tremulously craved to know who claimed admittance.

"I—death to your soul!" fiercely exclaimed the soldier. "I, Brian de Latouche! Up—up with your portcullis and down bridge! Why keep you me here shivering in the night wind?"

After a short delay, the bridge was lowered and the gate opened.

Recovering his good humor, the knight rode in, holding some gold pieces in his right hand, about to throw them to the old faithful servant, whom he had known from his earliest boyhood, when, to his wonder, the old man stepped before him, and catching hold of his rein, "Stop—stop!" he cried. "Sir Brian, there be none here save I!"

"None here save thee!" exclaimed the surprised and now thoroughly alarmed crusader. "Speak—speak old man! See you not I am choking? Where is Enguerrand?—where Adelaide de Montemar?"

"My master—my master Enguerrand, that is," faltered the old man, "has been dead these two years come Martinmas. He lies up yonder in the chapel of St. Thomas, at Issoncaux; and as for my lady—as for my Lady Adelaide——"

"Well—well? Speak—speak, thou torturer, or I will wring it forth, if it be with thy life-blood! What of thy lady?"

"She hath been married—married these eighteen months and more!"

"Liar! dog! slave!" thundered the knight, leaping at one bound from the saddle, seizing him by the throat, and shaking him so furiously that he had well nigh slain him. "Confess—confess that thou hast lied, and I will pardon thee. Speak—speak, man!" still without relaxing his stern grip on his throat. "Speak! say thou hast lied, and bless me!" And with these words he loosed him, yet it was many minutes ere the terrified vassal could find breath to answer him.

"True! it is very true—true as the sun in heaven!"

"True!—the sun! The sun is not true! heaven is not true! There is no truth! If this be so, all is a lie! all! all! The sun in heaven, the heaven itself, the God that made them all! I am patient now, and can bear calmly!" And he choked down his fury into his own heart of hearts, and stood firm, without once interrupting him, till his tale was concluded.

"Within one year after his sailing for the East she had inclined a willing ear to the addresses of a poor nameless Norman squire, whom chance had brought to that vicinity and thrown upon her father's hospitality, and glory availed not anything to restrain her; and eighteen months before, her father having died but ten or twelve weeks, she had espoused him and set forth at once to his demesnes, near to Avranches, on the western coast."

"Ha! well, it is well! And for this I have won wealth such as king might envy! fame such as never king attained nor dreamed of save the Lion Heart! For this, God of my fathers! was it for this?" And he stamped furiously with his mailed heel upon the pavement, and bit his lips till the blood sprang. "But hear me, Thou—hear me, Thou for whose tomb I have fought—how Thou best knowest—hear me, Thou! Earth shall not drink her blood, nor the cold waters choke her breath, nor the tomb cover her; but she shall wither—accursed, desolate, broken-hearted! The boldest soul shall tremble, the manliest ear shrink from the story of my terrible revenge! Grant me this—only this, and to Thy service, and the warfare for Thy temple and Thy tomb, I do devote myself for ever!"

He turned abruptly; mounted his good horse, Zamor; rode many a mile towards Paris that same night.

Within the week he knelt to the Grand Master of the order, registered himself a Templar, swore to perpetual celibacy, and thenceforth never more on earth was the name heard of Brian de Latouche; but far and wide, both for good and for evil, was the more famous appellation spread abroad of Brian de Bois Gilbert!

Linda's Brother.

BY HENRY FRITH.

NO, it was not a pretty village, although it was on the South Coast, and surrounded by the most charming scenery; neither was it a lively place, for Menbury was exclusive, and prided itself upon it. There were no terraces of flimsily-built villas, to be let in lodgings during the summer season, and stand miserably empty through the winter. The principal houses were square red-bricked mansions, standing snugly in their own grounds, and the owners of the land would not part with a rood of it to the speculative builders who would have intruded upon their privacy.

But nothing can wholly check the progress of the building mania. Although Menbury proper, with its one dull street, remained untouched, quite a new district sprang up around the railway station, which as is frequently the case, stood above a mile from the village. Ere long it became necessary to build a church and school to meet the requirements of the increasing population, and Linda Berton was the first occupant for the cottage erected as a dwelling-house for the schoolmistress.

There was quite a sensation in Menbury when the name of the schoolmistress became known, for the elegant, graceful Miss Berton, whose Parisian-cut dresses had been the models on which the Menbury demoiselles fashioned their own all the summer, had been regarded, though no one could have told why, as a young lady of good family and expectations. Nothing was really known of her, except that when she and her invalid mother took up their abode in Menbury they engaged the best apartments to be had in the village, and had behaved, as the widow Avery was wont to say, "like carriage folks; most honorable!" Miss Berton was never seen anywhere but at church or walking beside her mother's invalid chair: but as Mrs. Berton's ill-health was sufficient reason for her polite refusals of the invitations proffered her, and she moved, looked, and spoke like a person of means and education, the elite of Menbury continued to regard her with favor.

A shock was experienced when Mrs. Berton died rather suddenly, and no wealthy relatives appeared to follow her to her grave, or take charge of her orphan daughter; and everyone professed to be surprised and sorry when it became known that Miss Berton parted with some valuable jewelry to meet the funeral expenses, &c., and then accepted thankfully the offer made to her of a temporary asylum beneath his roof by Dr. Narsfield, the good old surgeon, who had practised in Menbury for nearly thirty years.

Many were curious to know why he had done this, but his motives were transparent enough. He had taken an interest in pretty Linda ever since he was first called in to her mother, and his experienced eye detected that the case was a hopeless one: and it was to him she had confided that, as her mother's income ceased at her death, she was utterly without resources. It was through the good doctor she secured the post she coveted—that of mistress of the new school; and it was a grave, elderly servant of his who resided with her at the schoolhouse till she had accustomed herself to the loneliness of her new home.

It was not a very agreeable mode of life to be selected by a girl who had evidently been reared in the lap of luxury, and whose accomplishments would have fitted her for a superior one. How would she content herself with the dull routine of teaching the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic to those little rustics? How would she reconcile herself to the manners and customs of scholars who stared open-mouthed at the tall, graceful lady, while she looked half-amused, half-vexed at their stolidity and ignorance?

Dr. Narsfield told her bluntly that it was a mistake, and begged her to let him invoke on her behalf the good offices of his sister-in-law, who resided in London, and was never so well pleased as when thus appealed to; but Linda, though grateful for his kindness, was not to be moved from her purpose. She did not wish to leave Menbury, she said, when pressed for her reasons; and she said this with such a wistful look in her brown eyes, that Dr. Narsfield began asking himself whether she could have formed any attachment there; but after a little reflection he scouted the idea, for she had refused to be introduced to the few eligible parts in the neighborhood, and she was not the sort of girl who would stoop to make an acquaintance of which she was ashamed. So Linda persisted in her resolve, though in one of her talks with her kind old friend she acknowledged that it was not without misgivings, adding, impulsively, that she had promised her mother that she would wait at Menbury——

Then in some confusion, she checked herself, and would say no more. Perhaps it was as well, as it enabled the doctor to assure the more inquisitive of his lady patients that he knew nothing concerning Miss Berton's affairs beyond what her deceased mother had told him—that they had been very unfortunate, and were very friendless.

So Linda went to the school, and stayed there, in spite of the many predictions to the contrary.

She had a brave soul and contented disposition; and overcoming her grief for the loss of her mother, she threw herself into her work with all her heart.

The children, recognising her earnestness, soon began to look brighter and tidier, and adored their beautiful schoolmistress, although she was a strict disciplinarian and insisted on being obeyed.

After awhile even those chronic grumblers who had opposed the appointment of such a person as "that Miss Berton" were obliged to acknowledge that she filled it admirably; and Dr. Narsfield exulted in the success of his protegee.

But was Linda herself equally content?

Had you seen her in her school, bright, active, animated, or sitting in her cosy little parlor in the evening, absorbed in some volume of travels the doctor had brought her, or busy with some tasteful piece of fine needlework, you would have answered "Yes." But there were other times when Linda was seized with a strange restlessness that she could not shake off.

While under its influence, she would start at the sound of a passing step, and pace about her tiny cottage, her lips compressed, her face pale with emotion; or she would steal from the house, and walk for a mile or two along the road to London, looking hard at everyone who approached as if she expected to see a familiar face, and, when driven home by fatigue, weep bitterly as if overcome by her disappointment.

For whom was she looking? For whom was she waiting? These were questions that only time could solve.

Linda had held her situation for nearly a year, when the school swelled to such a size that she could no longer manage it without aid. A meeting of the managers was held, the subject debated; and one evening a fly deposited at the schoolhouse a couple of trunks and a small slight figure, half-hidden in veils and wraps, for the season was cold. And the schoolmistress came out to receive and welcome the new assistant who was to share her cottage and her labors.

Linda had grown very tired of being alone, with no society, for she still eschewed all acquaintance but her own thoughts, no companionship but that of the little maiden selected from her scholars to wait upon her, but she was rather surprised at the juvenile appearance of the new comer. It was a pretty, childish face, flushed with recent weeping, that looked up into hers with a scared glance when she had led her guest indoors and was helping her to take off her shawls and waterproof.

"I'm afraid you'll be dreadfully disappointed in me!" sighed a low, faltering voice, in reply to her thoughtful look. "It's only right to tell you that I'm incorrigibly stupid! If you were to risk me any dates besides the Plague and the Norman Conquest, I couldn't answer you!"

"Then I'll not ask them, but give you some tea," was the amused reply. "I'm not very well up in dates myself," added Linda, consolingly; and the troubled young face brightened a little.

"You are much nicer, and kinder, and younger than I expected to find you," she was told, in a sudden gush of gratitude, as she conducted Miss Leven, the new assistant, to her own armchair, and knelt down to make some toast for her; "and I should feel quite contented if I were not aware that I shall not answer your expectations. My grammar isn't up to the mark: and as for decimal fractions, it's no use deceiving you, I scarcely know what they mean!"

Linda wondered mentally how it was the managers had elected a damsel who so freely confessed her deficiencies, but she could not say anything harsh to the pretty little creature, who, with clasped hands and dilated eyes, was watching the effect of her revelations.

"Don't be uneasy; we will help each other. I daresay you have many qualifications for the task of teaching, or you would not have been chosen to come here, and I shall be very pleased to study with you in the evening, if we find it necessary. Now let us talk of something else. Have you had a long journey?"

"From Bristol; my home is there; I never left it before."

Linda felt her own eyes fill with tears as the words ended in a sob; but she talked on cheerfully, and by degrees the sorrowful look vanished from the pretty face, and the lips, which seemed made for smiling, ceased to droop so sadly, and the naturally elastic spirits rose to their ordinary level. Before the young girls parted for the night they had recognized in each other so much that was good and lovable that they were the best of friends atropy.

But Linda had scarcely commenced undressing, when a tap at her door made her hasten to open it. Aymice Leven was standing there—a crimson shawl wrapped around her head and shoulders, her little hands clasped in supplication.

"Don't hate me—don't despise me! I couldn't go to rest till I confessed to you that I am a wretched little deceiver! If you had been the cross old thing I pictured you, I shouldn't have cared; but you are so good, so truthful yourself, that I cannot cheat you! It was not I who was to have come here, but my sister Alice, who is older and better educated. You see, papa is a large shipowner, and we—there are five of us—have been very happy at home till trouble came upon papa—such heavy losses, that we felt it our duty to do something to relieve him. Martha went to be housekeeper to an uncle; Bessie to be a lady-help at a clergyman's. Nanette has taken a situation as governess; and Alice was coming her; but mamma has always relied upon her so much, and broke down so dreadfully when it came to the actual parting, that I, who have always been a useless little thing, insisted on being allowed to take her place. You're not very angry, and you? I'll do my utmost to atone for the fraud if you'll only have patience with me, and not betray me to your managers."

Linda comforted her, and agreed to keep the secret; nor did she ever really regret it. As a schoolmistress Aymice was not a success, though she strove diligently to make the children entrusted to her charge regard her with proper respect, and was truly penitent if ever she permitted her quick sense of the ludicrous to tempt her into laughing when she ought to be serious; and so as she did her best, Linda chose to express herself quite satisfied with her new assistant and nobody knew how hard she labored to atone for Aymice's shortcomings.

There were no lonely evenings now. Aymice protested that after school was the happiest portion of the day, for then she could be a child herself and Linda was coaxed into taking long walks either across the fields or along the shore. Nor when the weather was not favorable enough to admit of a ramble did the time hang on hand, for Aymice was always gay and sociable. She had plenty to tell about her home at busy, dirty Bristol, and the guests of all nationalities she had met at her father's hospitable table, and was in every respect such a pleasant companion, that Linda, if she still watched and waited for the coming of some unknown individual, rarely fell into the miserably restless moods that had once oppressed her.

Did Aymice ever notice that, whilst she talked freely of her friends and relatives, reading her home-letters aloud, and calling upon Linda to sympathize or rejoice with her over the different items of home news, Linda herself was never so communicative? The few letters she received were merely on business connected with the school, or kind notes of inquiry from Dr. Narsfield, who had resigned his practice at Menbury to a younger man, and gone to reside in London with his sister.

Was there but one person in the whole world on whom this lonely girl had a claim for affection, and had he cruelly deserted her?

If so, she was too brave to complain; and Aymice, light-hearted, and tolerably free from care herself, never dreamed how much suffering might be lurking beneath her friend's placid demeanor, till a violent cold not only confined Linda to the house, but caused her to feel so feverish and depressed that she could no longer conceal the real state of her mind.

Aymice was a born nurse.

It was almost worth while to be invalided, her grateful friend would declare, to be so tenderly petted and waited on.

Up and down stairs went her light feet untiringly, nor did she spare any pains to tempt back the lost appetite, or ease the throbbing head of her patient.

During the day she developed new powers of governing, and kept the children in excellent order; and at eve, in spite of her weariness, she made light of the long mile and the dull walk to Menbury, when Linda complained of excessive thirst, and lemons were not to be procured nearer.

But as Aymice went back to the cottage she had an uncomfortable consciousness that she was being followed by some person, who paused when she paused, and was careful to keep in the shadows so that she could not see him.

Was it one of the rough boys from the village who was trying to frighten or provoke her?

It might be so, yet she had never had to complain of rudeness from them; on the contrary, the Menbury lads were so fascinated by her smiles and civil speeches, that she was a much greater favorite with them than the more dignified Linda.

She remembered that when she quitted the cottage—almost running in her haste—she had stumbled against a person, who, as far as she could see in the obscurity of the evening was tall and well dressed; and she had wondered, as with a hasty apology she sped on, what could have brought a gentleman and a stranger to such an out of the way spot at that hour.

But surely it could not be he who was following her now; and vibrating between anger and alarm, she stopped to draw up her diminutive figure and dart a resentful glance towards the clump of trees behind which her pursuer was lurking.

However, he did not approach her, and she reached home without hearing his footsteps again.

She found Linda restlessly pacing her chamber, and looking so strangely excited, that she began to question her anxiously.

Did she feel worse? Had anything occurred during her absence to disturb her?

"Nothing, dear: nothing, except that I have remembered it is his birthday; and I am growing so weary of waiting for him that my heart begins to fail me. Will he never come? Is he dead? Shall I never be able to fulfil my poor persecuted mother's behest? Oh, Walter, Walter!"

Of whom was she speaking? Aymice wrapped her arms about her, and tried to still the violent weeping, but Linda had now lost all self-control, and was incapable of further concealment.

"He was my mother's son by her first marriage, and when she wedded again it was for his sake. She was too ignorant, too helpless, to take upon herself the management of such a business as Walter's father had left to her in trust for his boy; and when those he had bribed to sound his praises in her ears assured her that the confidential clerk of her late husband was the only person who could serve her in this emergency, she listened to them—first trusted, and then married him.

"Alas! Aymice, what a fate is mine, to be obliged to say that from the first this man—who is my father—duped the loving woman who confided her all to him, and even wronged her boy!"

"Then the Walter of whom you speak is your brother?"

"Yes; and for years he has been a wanderer; driven from the house that should have been his own by systematic ill-usage, and the consciousness that his mother would suffer less if he were absent than if she were constantly witnessing the treatment he received.

"After he had gone my dearest mother's position became a terrible one, for her husband accused her of having incited Walter's flight, and refused to forgive her till her son returned and consented to obey him.

"She bore this patiently, till her hard taskmaster endeavored to wrest from her some deeds, the remnant of the property that should have been Walter's, which she had been able to retain in her possession.

"If she gave up these deeds her boy would be absolutely penniless; knowing this, she mustered courage to resist her husband's demands; and when he would have taken them from her by force, she fled and I accompanied her.

"But she was worn out with years of ceaseless regret for the one false step that had placed her and her son in the power of one who had proved himself undeserving the trust.

"And so she faded out of the life that had been worse than death ever since her second marriage.

"But ere she died she made me promise to wait here till Walter came back to Eng-

land to seek for me, as she felt sure he would do so as soon as he received the tidings of her death.

"I have obeyed her; I keep the deeds for him; I would not part with them if I were starving. See, they are here," and she threw open the door of a closet Aymice had never seen unlocked before.

"They lay in this casket, which also contains the pearls our mother wore on her bridal-day.

"But the weeks, the months glide by, and still Walter does not come, and the old servant to whom we confided our address has long ceased to send us any news of him.

"Sometimes I tell myself that he must have perished at sea, and that I look for his coming in vain; and I dare not make open inquiries, lest they should lead my father to my retreat, and he should compel me to give up my sacred charge.

"It is my dread lest this should happen that makes me shun strangers, and refuse to visit at houses where, by some unlucky chance, I might encounter someone or other who would recognize me and reveal ——"

The words ended in a frightened cry, for someone was knocking loudly at the outer door.

Were her fears realized and her hiding-place discovered?

Before either Linda or she recovered their presence of mind the little girl in attendance had opened the door, and I was parleying with the person who had knocked.

A gentleman—a stranger—was it the one Aymice had stumbled against an hour ago? was asking for Miss Berton.

A gentleman, young and handsome, and sending to her by the girl a ring she had often seen on her mother's slender finger who could he be but the brother for whose coming she had looked so long!

"It is he!—it is Walter! he has come at last!" she cried, rapturously, and flew downstairs to throw herself into his arms, to draw him into the house, and with mingled smiles and tears to tell him how long and anxiously she had waited for this happy moment.

Why did he, even while her wet eyes were hidden in his bosom, her arms clasped about his neck, actually forget to return her caresses, as he gazed at the half-open door in which had looked at him for a moment the face of Aymice Leven?

"Why is she here? How came she here?" he asked in great agitation; but when Linda raised herself, and wonderingly asked what it was he said, he evaded replying, and seeing no one there, she concluded that she had not heard him rightly.

Her indisposition forgotten in the joy of this meeting, she sat tearfully recalling the last hours of their mother's life, or questioning him concerning his own adventures or when his replies were given in the lowest monosyllables and with averted eyes, divining that he was overwhelmed with grief, and clinging more closely to him in mute sympathy with his sorrow, till, with an exclamation of astonishment at the lateness of the hour, he started up, and said that he must be gone.

Then, and not till then, did Aymice Leven glide into sight, and confront the gentleman, who stopped in the middle of what he was saying and stood before her as pale, as confused, as if it were a spectre he beheld, instead of a living, breathing woman.

Anyone but Linda would have detected at a glance that they had met before, and under circumstances neither found pleasure in recalling.

But she, poor child, was too much elated to notice her brother's perturbation, or how utterly Aymice was unlike her sprightly little self.

She hastened to introduce them to each other, with many affectionate praises of Aymice, many hopes that they would be good for her sake, who loved them both.

To all of which Walter made but the curtest reply; and reproaching herself for forgetting how tired he must be, Linda let him depart to the hotel where he said he had secured rooms.

The overtasked girl smiled on him till he had quitted the house; but when he was fairly gone the fictitious strength that had upheld her during the interview suddenly fleeting, she fainted in the arms of sweet Aymice.

And, though declaring herself much better in the morning, she was obliged to confess that she was quite unequal to the work of the school.

Aymice took her place there, flying in and out to assure herself that Linda was not attempting to rise, and, when her brother arrived, sending him away again with the tidings that she was not well enough to receive him.

It was not like courteous, smiling Aymice to accost anyone with such frigid civility as she meted to this handsome stranger.

That it stung and embarrassed him was evident from his confused utterances and futile endeavors to appear at ease.

Once, as he stood with her cold, critical gaze uplifted to his contracting brows, he extended his hand and seemed about to deprecate her frigidity, but he received no encouragement from Aymice; on the contrary, both by look and gesture, she gave him to understand that he was unwarrantably detaining her, and he was obliged to take the hint and depart.

Why was this?

How was it that Aymice, so genial in her disposition, so ready to enter into everyone's joys or sorrows, and so warmly attached to Linda, did not appear to rejoice with her on the return of her long-absent brother? It is true that she dressed her face in smiles whenever she ran upstairs to pay a flying visit to her friend, who was happily unconscious that anything was amiss; but except at those moments, she looked more grave and preoccupied than she had ever been seen to look since first she came to Menbury.

And yet, how loving she was to Linda! With what unaffected pleasure she hung about her in the evening, when she was sufficiently recovered to slip on her dressing-gown and sit by the bright little fire Aymice had lighted in her chamber.

Linda's always beautiful features now wore an expression of thankful content that had never rested on them since the death of her mother; it would be sad—very sad—if anything occurred to banish it; and Aymice, thinking thus as she sat on a stool at her feet, gave such a sobbing sigh, that her friend awoke from a reverie to inquire what had prompted it.

"You must be tired to death, dear child!" she exclaimed, on failing to obtain a satisfactory reply. "How foolish it was of me to be ill just as I was so happy! and not to be able to see poor Walter this morning! Did he seem very much disappointed?

"I cannot say. I did not exchange half a dozen words with him."

"My dear Aymice! Did you not give him my message, nor ask if they are making him comfortable at the hotel?"

"I was in a hurry," the girl pleaded.

"Yes, dear, I know that; and, perhaps I am rather exacting, but Walter is part of myself, and I should not like him to feel that he is neglected."

"How many years has he been absent?" queried Aymice, abruptly.

"Walter was scarcely eighteen when he went away," Linda replied. "and, that is eight years ago. Can you fancy not seeing one's only brother, for all that time, or a mother dying without clasping her boy in her arms, and giving him a farewell, kiss and blessing?"

"Do not dwell on that now," said Aymice quickly; "but tell me if—if your brother is much altered?"

She looked quite impatient at the deliberation with which Linda replied:

"Altered! Ah! yes; so much so that I have sat here to-day, asking myself if this dark-haired, sunburned man can really be the fair, smooth-cheeked boy who used to make me his pet and plaything?"

Aymice started to her feet, began to say something eagerly, but checked herself, and sat down again.

"Then he was a mere boy when he left home, and you say that he has altered so much as to defy recognition? And yet you have, I suppose, told him of the deeds entrusted to you?"

Linda looked perplexed and uneasy at the tone she was adopting.

"Have I told him? Yes, certainly; and I am to give them to him when next we meet. He is very anxious to examine the contents of the casket, he attaches more importance to them than even I have been doing."

Once again Aymice rose from her seat, and moved aimlessly about the room, till Linda, whose nerves were still unhinged, begged her to be quiet.

"I do believe you are as excited as myself," she added, with a smile; "although you have been so unusually silent all day that I scarcely recognize my merry Aymice. Have the children worried you very much, dear?"

"Never mind them; but tell me—and don't be startled at the question—tell me what makes you feel so sure that this stranger is your brother?"

Linda turned pale, and gasped for breath; then forced a laugh.

"This is a hideous suggestion! What induced you to make it? Not Walter?—not my brother? Who would dare personate him? Who could be so cruel as to attempt it?"

"Now I have frightened and distressed you!" cried Aymice, regretfully. "Yet how could I keep silence? If, as I fear, there is some trick to deprive you of the treasured casket, would you not have blessed me for exercising my suspicions?"

"What has occurred you to distrust them? They are harmless—I am sure they are!" persisted the agitated Linda, "It was Walter himself who came to me last night; I will not be induced to doubt it. He is changed—I admit it; but it was—it must be he!"

It was some time before she could calm herself sufficiently to listen to the arguments of her friend.

"Linda, darling, it is for your brother's sake, as well as yours, that I am speaking! If this is he, let him give you some proofs of his identity. Ask him where he has been residing during your long separation."

"He has already told me that, through the agency of a friend, he obtained a berth in a large mercantile house at New York, whither he proposes to return shortly."

"At New York! And yet I—yes I, Aymice Leven—made his acquaintance at Bristol two years ago—at Bristol, Linda, where he was living under a false name! If I were to tell you how much reason I have to hate and despise the man you call your brother, you would hope, as I do, that he is an impostor of whom we must beware!"

Linda sank back in her chair, striving to collect her scattered ideas.

"Why," she asked, "should anyone lend himself to so cruel a fraud upon me? But I need not ask. You think that my father has prompted it, and that it is into his possession the casket would pass. Must I think so too? No—no, I cannot! My instincts would not deceive me. It was my brother who came to me! He will be here again to-morrow, and then we shall laugh together at these foolish fancies!"

But though Linda talked so confidently, she could not banish the doubts Aymice's warning had engendered.

"You have not told me what it is you know to the discredit of Walter. His having assumed another name? That might have been necessitated by his wish to avoid my father. Don't say that he has done anything absolutely wrong!"

The agony in her voice brought Aymice to her side.

"I shall say nothing to-night; but advise you to have patience, and let us see what the morrow brings forth. When the gentleman who calls himself your brother arrives, he shall give us some proof that he is what he represents himself to be; and if I have wronged him, I will be so penitent that even you will be obliged to forgive me."

In spite of her uneasiness, Linda's faith in her so-called brother revived, and she was even afoot soon after daybreak on the morrow to be ready to welcome him.

"He will come early, very early," she said, "because he will be anxious to know if I am better. I am so glad it is Saturday, our holiday, and that I shall be free to devote every hour of it to him without thrusting my work on you, dear Aymice."

"I wish," said her friend, "you would telegraph to Dr. Narsfield, and ask him to come to Menbury."

"For what purpose? Will it not be time enough to call upon him for counsel or protection when I share your suspicions, which at present I cannot bring myself to do?"

"If you will not be warned!" cried Aymice, pettishly, but Linda's hand was on her lips.

"My dear, you bade me do nothing in haste, nor will I. When Walter comes, I will look into his eyes and there read the truth. In the excitement of our first meeting I might have been carried away by my joy at his return, but now I am calmer, and shall neither permit myself to wrong my brother, nor be duped by the professions of a stranger."

Aymice whose heart bled for her, said no more. There had once been a time when she too had believed in this stranger, and had looked forward to a life spent in sharing his fortunes; but no sooner had he extorted from her a confession that he was beloved, than he had quitted Bristol, and she had seen him no more till they met at Menbury. Well might he become confused when he found himself confronted by one he had professed to love and then so basely deserted!

With almost equal eagerness, though with very different feelings, the two girls awaited the appearance of their expected guest; but hour after hour went by, and still he came not. The night fell, another day came and went, and found them still listening to every step that approached the cottage, or scanning every form that went past it, but never was his amongst them.

Then Linda suggested that he might be ill, and the little girl was sent to the hotel to make inquiries; but she brought word that the gentleman who had spent the night there had gone away, leaving no message for anyone.

When Linda heard this she looked piteously at her friend, and then threw herself on her bed, crushed by the disappointment. She could no longer refuse to believe that it was an impostor she had been welcoming, or that it was the spectre of Aymice, and a guilty consciousness that she had it in her power to unmask him, that had driven him away.

As if to corroborate this, the first post of the following day brought Linda a hurried line from the old servant who had been her mother's only confidante.

"I could not write before," she said, "for I have been watched. Take care, for you know who is on your track!"

Linda wrung her hands.

"And I have revealed to my father's emissary that the deeds are in my possession! What shall I do?"

"Leave the school to me, and carry the casket to Dr. Narsfield. Take him your confidence, and let him counsel you, answered Aymice, promptly.

"It is good advice!" Linda exclaimed, "and I will act upon it. If Walter still lives he shall yet receive his mother's bequest intact. I will start for London immediately."

But as she snatched up her hat she glanced towards the window, and all her courage deserted her.

"It is too late!" she murmured, "My father is here! He has just gone past the cottage. He is looking for me!"

"Give me the casket," cried Aymice, undauntedly. "Your father has a claim on your obedience, but he has none on mine. Once in my possession, I will never yield it to anyone but the rightful owner!"

The exchange was hastily effected; and when the casket was at the bottom of Aymice's trunk, and the key slipped on a piece of ribbon and hung round her neck, both girls breathed more freely.

However, a treacherous calm reigned till the evening, then an imperious knock at the door made her and Aymice start up and cling to each other.

"Open, Linda!" cried an angry voice. "I know that you are here."

It was Aymice who admitted the speaker, a spare minister-looking, elderly man. Close upon his heels there came other visitors—one, a pleasant, portly gentleman, into whose embrace Aymice ran joyfully greeting him as "papa," and beside him stood Linda's brother.

"Papa!" cried Aymice, firmly, "you must protect my Linda from this man!"

"Pooh, pooh, child," replied Mr. Leven, "she has nothing to fear! She may safely rely on her brother, Mr. Walter Carus, whom I daresay you have not forgotten."

"But is he really her brother, or in league with ——"

She glanced towards the spot where Linda's father had been standing, but he was gone; and it was Walter himself who replied:

"Why have you doubted my identity, Miss Leven? Your father, who has been my firm friend for years, will corroborate my assertions that I am Linda's brother."

"But papa has not sanctioned your using a false name, and telling Linda you had been living in America when you were really in England," she retorted, in rather faltering tones.

"There is a misunderstanding here," he answered, gently. "I have never used any name but the one by which you know me; it is Linda and her mother who, to avoid discovery, assumed that of Berton. When I told my sister I had been in the employ of a mercantile house at New York, I did not intend her to understand that I had been residing solely in that city. My employers have sent me on several long journeys. I have been travelling in California for nearly two years, and did not hear of my mother's death for many months after it occurred.

"And my father, Walter!" murmured Linda, anxiously.

"Can do me no further injury. By preserving the contents of that casket you have put the power into my hands."

The casket was produced and Walter's predictions verified.

In spite of ill-usage and threats his mother had not been loose to his interests and the avaricious wretch who had wrecked so much unhappiness, knowing that his reign was over, sailed that same night for Australia, carrying with him all that he could convert into gold.

He had long been preparing for such a flight; but as the ship in which he took his passage never reached the haven, he and all his ill-gotten gains sank into the depths of the ocean together.

"And so I was right after all," said Linda presently, as she stood with her hand clasped in Walter's. "I knew you were my brother, and felt angry with Aymice for doubting it. Not but what she had cause, for you must confess, that your conduct was mysterious. You came strangely and you left us as suddenly as you came; what was the reason you disappeared without giving us any explanation of your intentions? Was it not enough to make us distrust you?"

"I did not think so at the time, for I was not aware that Miss Leven had been kept in ignorance of my reason for leaving Bristol without seeking a farewell interview with her."

Aymice did not speak, but her agitation was excessive, and seeing this, Mr. Leven good naturedly [illegible]

"We have [illegible] at cross purposes, and I suppose I must take the blame on my own shoulders. When my wife and I discovered that there was some love making going on between our ward and Mr. Carus, we thought it our duty to warn him that it must go no further, as she was too young, and he too poor, to think of marriage. He had the good sense to acknowledge the justice of our decision and leave Bristol directly, and we fancied that as soon as they were separated they would forget each other. But I feel now that it was not fair to him to permit Aymice to think that he had deserted her."

"It was cruel, papa!" sobbed Aymice. "If you knew what I have suffered!"

"Ah! then, you love me still!" Walter exclaimed, as he sprung to her side. "It was a hope that you were still free that made me hurry to Bristol as soon as I had seen Linda—obtain an interview with your parents, from whom I learned why you looked at me so coldly. They have withdrawn their prohibition. I am no longer poor. We shall be able to atone in some degree to this dear sister of mine for all the sorrows of the last few years; and you will not love me any the less, will you, my Aymice, because I am, really and truly, Linda's brother?"

But in this matter, though both were of one mind, their good intentions were to be frustrated, for within a few weeks after Walter and Aymice were married, a bridegroom who was well worthy of her carried Linda away; and the person who holds the first place in her thoughts is no longer an injured brother, but the best and kindest of husbands.

There are now mistresses at Menbury's School, but once or twice in the course of each year two happy young wives go thither to gladden the children with their smiles

An Eloquent Lecturer.

A well known Temperance worker and Bible reader, Mrs. M. Cator, of Camden, New Jersey, has been raised almost from the grave, and restored to good health, by the use of Compound Oxygen. In giving a reporter of the press an account of her recovery, she spoke of a number of cures by means of the treatment which had come under her immediate notice. We give one of the cases mentioned. "Let me tell you," said Mrs. Cator, "that what Compound Oxygen has done for me is nothing to what it has done for some of my friends." "There is Miss Frances E. Willard, who is everywhere known as one of the most eloquent of our Temperance speakers. The other day I had a letter from Iowa, in which she thanked me for having brought Compound Oxygen to her notice. She had been badly run down by overwork, constant speaking and travel. She is now as strong as ever, and in perfect health for active duty."

Other cases, even more remarkable, which had come to her knowledge were described by Mrs. Cator.

Write to DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen—sent free.

Our Young Folks.

THE MERMAID'S ROCK.

BY O.

JOYOUSLY, merrily, wildly rose the voices of the three boys as they stood on a broad strip of sand, the waves dancing up to their feet; and when the song was finished they joined hands and capered round.

Breathless and flushed were all three, when the first and second voices seized the third voice in a bear's hug, and ended by rolling him and themselves over on the sands, shouting out:

"Hurrah! hurrah!" as they did so. When they had picked themselves up again, the third voice said, ruefully: "It's too bad making me the coward."

"Howld your tongue when you're spaking to your superior officer," replied the first voice.

"Howld it yourself," answered the indignant Junior.

And Master Bob, the third voice, sat down in the sand in a much softer place than he was aware of, for down he went over so far, his head and shoulders and legs from the knee sticking up in the air, and the rest of him continuing to descend as if it never meant to stop.

Of course this performance was hailed with fits of laughter by the two who were not collapsing in the wet sand, a merriment which the one who was could not help joining in, which he did so good-humoredly that the second voice (always a kind one, by the way), said, soothingly—

"And you know, Bob, when you do sneak, in my opinion, you only make believe you're a satirical sneak, that's all."

"And it's myself will prove who's a coward this very night," cried Hal, the first voice. "Listen to me, and there'll be no mistake about it."

"What is it?" cried Jack, the second voice, and Bob, the third, crowding round Hal, the first.

"It is this," Hal said, rising his arms with great solemnity, and waving them wildly in the air. "See how the sun is sinking in the sea, and the moon will spring from his ashes——"

"Not ashes from drowning, dear boy, interrupted Master Bob, his tongue in his cheek—"ashes from fire."

"And is the sun not fire?" said the senior; "does not he consume himself in his own ashes? Very well, then. After the moon springs from his ashes this night," and he glanced defiantly at Bob, "I shall launch the boat and let her float, for I am going to sail under the Mermaid's Arch, and see her sit on her rock and comb her green hair."

"We'll go," cried Bob and Jack in a breath.

"You see," ejaculated Hal, in the same solemn manner, and with another wild wave of his arm in the air, "the boat is under the rocks there, and you know it is said to be a fairy boat, and that some sort of an ogre takes it out at night, we'd be the ogres to night, my lads!"

Off scampered the three merry fellows to their respective homes, to eat their suppers, and presently they reappeared tucking and flinging up their heads like wild ponies, declared their honor and courage intact.

The moonlight poured down its silver shower on the sands, but the boat lay just floating under the high rocks, and black in their shadows.

The boys, half wading, half leaping, climbed over its helm, but before they could jump the benches and reach the other end, the splash of oars were heard, the boat bounded forward into the moon's lightest expanse of water, and the amazed boys beheld a figure seated at the stern, rowing with ease, though in perfect silence.

The astonished fellows looked at each other.

"The ogre!" they whispered, though half-laughing as they did so.

"There are no such things, really," Hal said.

"Just as much as mermaids, though," suggested Bob, while he with difficulty kept back the tears that struggled to rise, murmuring, "there may be both, mayn't there?"

While these whispers passed among them, the unexpected being continued to row steadily on.

They soon left the shore behind them, and were proceeding in the direction of the Mermaid's Arch, when Hal suddenly seized hold of one of the oarsman's hands, and assisted him to take that direction.

"Please, sir, where are we going?" asked Jack, not to be outdone by Hal in mannerliness.

The man, if man it was, or ogre, if it was an ogre, answered, after a moment's silence:

"To the Mermaid's Rock," in a low, solemn voice.

"Under the Arch?"

"Under the Mermaid's Arch!" was the answer given in the same low, solemn voice.

"Please, sir, been there really mermaids? and been you an ogre?" Bob asked, with a trembling voice.

The man at the stern fixed his eyes on the little boy with (at least it appeared so to Bob) a penetrating glare that could only proceed from the eyes of an ogre.

Bob gave a slight scream, and hid his face in his two hands.

At that moment the boat came in sight of the Mermaid's Arch.

"There it is!" shouted Hal and Jack.

"There it is!" the man repeated, in his deep, solemn voice.

The three boys looked eagerly at the Arch—the Mermaid's Arch—eagerly, but anxiously also, for it is rather a nervous thing, if you reflect upon it, to be taken toward a mermaid by an ogre, and that in a little boat, out on the wide sea by moonlight, with no one near them but themselves and the ogre.

A sudden noise startled still more the already excited boys; such a strange whistling and unearthly noise as it was.

But it was only a number of large birds that, suddenly disturbed by their presence, flew with a rush out of their nests, and whirled about in the air quite silently, except for this sweeping sound made by their wings.

You could see it all as in a picture.

There is the Mermaid Arch, and there are the birds rushing round it; there is the boat, and in it Hal, one arm extended behind him; Jack, always devoted to birds and eggs; and Bob, whose very back and shoulders can tell you that he is afraid.

And what do you think of the fourth figure?

Is he a man or an ogre?

To the imagination of the boys he appeared very ogreish; but what opinion do you form of the face and its expression, and of the loosely-knit, sailor-clad figure?

Whist! the boat flies under the Arch, and swift as a flash of summer lightning reaches the other side, where the Mermaid's Rock rears its proud crest on high.

What is that hanging all round it on the top?

Is it flowing hair?

What sort of shape is that which crowns its summit?

Is it only a curious formation of rock and shell, or a real, veritable mermaid?

The moon was just then hidden by a cloud, and the boys were ready to declare they saw an arm move, and a comb pass lightly through those ripples of green hair.

At the foot of the Mermaid's Rock the boat stops.

"Get out!" says the deep, solemn voice.

Out they scrambled on the rock.

Above them the mermaid herself sat just performing the one only duty of a mermaid's life—that is, combing out her hair.

"Who's afraid?" cried Hal, valiantly; and, springing a-lee, began the upward scramble, followed with no reluctant steps by the others.

A few breathless moments and our three young heroes half stood on, half clung to, the very summit of the rock.

Hal plucked a long lock of the green hair, which was but seaweed, while Jack broke off a finger of shells united together, and Bob, maddest of all, detached the shell on the very top of the rock, crying out, "Bother mermaids!"

Then they looked down for the boat before they began their descent again.

The boat was gone!

The moonlight streamed down upon them as they blankly stared at each other's blank faces.

"We shall be drowned!" said Jack.

"We shall be starved!" said Hal.

"It is an ogre, then!" said Bob.

He was ready to cry; but that would not do.

If they cried they were lost—and lost in their own self-respect too, the worst loss of all.

So Hal and Jack, instead of crying, burst into a fit of laughter, in which Bob so powerful an example—after a moment's doubt joined.

"Never say die," cried Hal: "boats will be about in the morning, if not now; we'll be got off, and what's the odds as long as you're happy? Three merry men are we!"

Jack turned head over heels as Hal spoke on so small a foundation that Hal declared he had saved his life by catching hold of his eyelids.

After that the boys turned head over heels consecutively, each endeavoring to perform that feat on a more dangerous bit of shelf or rock than his predecessor, and each catching the other amid roars of laughter.

Then they clasped hands and jumped up and down, singing loudly and gaily—

"Who but I am a sailor? Who but I? and I?
Launch the boat; let her float
Betwixt the sea and the sky, hurrah!
Betwixt the sea and the sky."

As they finished they gave three loud hurrahs, and as the sound of the last cheer died on the air, lo and behold! the boat sprang up, as it seemed to them, out of the sea, and the man (or ogre) at the stern took up the chorus and sang it as loudly and gaily as they did.

The boys in half a minute had scrambled down the rock, and were in the boat without a word, though with a friendly sympathy somehow among them as they darted under the arch, and rowed swiftly back to the shore.

Swiftly, joyously, but in perfect silence!

On shore the boys turned to see what wonderful things would happen next.

Would the boat sink in the waters, or would its inhabitant disappear and then leave them in a misty doubt as to whether he had ever been there at all?

On the contrary, the man, or ogre, stood before them, rubbing his hands and laughing in as jolly a manner as you please.

"Ha, ha, ha! you're three well-plucked ones, you are. I'm Tom Bunting that owns that 'ere boat, and I heard your chat, and hid in her just to see what you young sparks were up to, and you're just the three bravest boys I ever did see, and I'd think it an honor to shake hands with you."

So spoke the old tar.

Then he held out his horny, honest hand, which Hal and Jack eagerly grasped and shook; but when it came Bob's turn, he drew back, and then colored crimson, while tears filled his eyes.

"But I was frightened," said he, with a tremendous effort.

The old sailor looked hard at him, and then joyfully took both his little hands in his.

"Why, you're the bravest of them all," he cried, "for you've the courage to confess you were afraid; you're true to the backbone; you'll do;" and he patted him on the back, while Bob laughed gleefully.

But he never forgot Tom Bunting's words, and that courage to be true was the highest courage of all.

"LITTLE MISS MUFFET."

"Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
When up came a spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away."

IF any one had chanced to go into the forest on a certain summer's day, long ago, he would have been startled to see, gathered round a fine old oak, a meeting of insects.

Almost every insect tribe had sent a representative to this great gathering which had evidently some very important matter to discuss.

The spider had been appointed president, and was suspended in his web a short distance above the rest.

There were present also a fly, a beetle, a worm, a bee, a gnat, a caterpillar, and numbers of others from all parts of the world, to tell whose names I should want sheets and sheets of paper.

Order was kept by numbers of large red ants, who if any one made a noise, immediately nipped the offender: and if he cried out, he was rewarded with a second nip much harder and more painful than the first.

The preparations for this great meeting were very extensive.

Fearing that the debate might detain the assembly after dark, a large number of glow-worms were present, whilst the bees from a hive close by had provided a large quantity of honey for the use of the speakers in case they got hoarse.

A splendid band composed of mosquitoes crickets, and locusts, was stationed on the top of a small mound, and delighted everybody with a choice selection of the latest operatic music, which under the leadership of an eminent trombone-player, Signor Bluebottle they performed beautifully.

At length the spider, who, as we have said, had taken the chair, called out, "Are we all ready?"

"Yes! yes! every one is here," cried the assembled multitude.

"Then," replied the spider in a grave tone, "we shall begin."

"Humph," said a beetle, "the usual thing to do under the circumstances——"

"Silence!" cried the president, who rather thought he had said something clever, at the same moment there arose a cry of anguish from the beetle, who had felt an ant's sting in his leg as a reward for his interruption.

"Silence!" again cried the spider. "If you interrupt the meeting again I'll have you put out. Sergeant Buzzer, if that beetle interrupts any more, put him out."

"Sure I will sorr," replied the sergeant, who had come all the way from Ireland to the meeting.

"Well," said the spider, "we are met to consider the following important question:—'Why do children delight in killing us, whether we interfere with them or not?' I think we had better hear that noisy beetle first."

The beetle, who was rather a nervous person, advanced timidly, and mounted the platform which had been erected for the speakers.

"Well friends," began the beetle, "I must begin by telling you I am not accustomed to address such a—a—a——"

"Large and fashionable audience," suggested a wasp, who was dressed in the latest fashion.

"Large and fashionable audience," continued the beetle; "and I hope you won't criticise my speech. I have thought this matter over very carefully, and I have at last concluded that they delight in killing us, because —— well—ah!—yes— because they do."

And the speaker wiped his heated brow, and sat down with the air of a man whose argument is unanswerable.

"Well, really," said the spider, dubiously, "I don't think you've made matters much clearer. Come, glow-worm, it's your turn next."

"Please Mr. Spider and gentlemen," said the glow-worm, "I don't know what to think about it."

"Dear me!" cried a mosquito, in a tone of mock surprise, "I thought you would at least have thrown some light upon the subject."

"That's a bad joke," said the spider, and the mosquito was smartly nipped before he could get out of the way.

After this everybody settled down, and the meeting proceeded quietly enough.

But although they talked and argued for three whole days, they could not arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

At last the worm, who had made a very eloquent speech and was somewhat hoarse in consequence, proposed that the best way to settle the question would be to ask a child.

To this the meeting agreed; and after much discussion, the spider was appointed on behalf of the assemblage to inquire of a child its reasons for stamping on or otherwise hurting a harmless insect, and, he having consented, the meeting broke up.

* * * * * *

Not many minutes walk from the spot where this great gathering took place stood a pretty little farmhouse with thatched roof and great wide chimney, which was known as Cherry Farm, because of the number of cherry-trees which grew in the orchard behind the house.

Farmer Muffet (for such was the name of the owner of Cherry Farm) lived there with his good wife and their little daughter May, a rosy little girl of some six summers, who, however, was never called anything by the neighbors but Little Miss Muffet, and by all whom she was dearly loved.

Wednesday was always a busy day with good Mistress Muffet, for then she had to make her butter for the market on Friday.

Thus one fine summer day, the good woman was busily engaged in her dairy, having a larger quantity than usual to prepare, and Little Miss Muffet greatly impeded the work by questions which her mother had not time to attend to.

At last Dame Muffet could stand it no longer, so, giving her daughter a beautiful little dish of delicious curds and whey, she bade her run into the orchard and eat it.

Little Miss Muffet did as she was told, and going into the orchard, ran to her favorite seat, which was a large tuft of grass in the shade of a large apple-tree, and proceeded to enjoy her feast.

Our friend the spider, who had got thus far on his journey in search of the desired information saw her coming, and thought to himself that here was the very opportunity he was looking for.

Having brushed off the dust of his journey, and made himself very neat and tidy, the spider summoned up courage, and mounted the tuft of grass at Miss Muffet's side.

He was just about to put his question, when Miss Muffet looked down and saw him.

"Oh! oh!" she cried, "go away! Oh, a great ugly spider!" and with another cry she fled into the house, and left our poor friend disconsolate on the grass.

This reception so disheartened the spider that, although he had numerous other chances, he never could muster up courage to go near a child again, and so the poor insects are still ignorant of the reason.

—E. A. H.

THE CAT AND THE BEE.—"Buzz, buzz! hum, hum."

And the bee went buzzing and humming round the room.

"Oh, what a great big fly!" said a young kitten who was playing; "what a soft velvet coat he has! I never saw such a fine fly before."

"It is not a fly," said the old cat, who was stretched out upon the hearth-rug, "it is a bee, and bees have stings, and if you meddle with it you will be sorry."

"Buzz, buzz, buzz! hum, hum!"

The bee was getting quite out of patience, and made more noise than ever. The kitten watched him with increasing interest, and decided, in her own mind, that her mother, being too idle to catch the fly herself, did not want her daughter to have it.

"But I'm not going to be disappointed," said Frisk, eyeing the old cat, who now seemed to be fast asleep, with some contempt; "mother is always telling one something or other, as if one had no eyes and no sense."

And the next time that the bee paused for a moment on the floor, she made a dart at him. But the bee was too quick for her, and flew high up into the air, buzzing louder than ever.

The old cat opened her eyes and shook her paw at her kitten.

"You will get into trouble, Frisk, if you do not leave that bee alone." And she dozed off again.

The bee having flown round and round, and banged itself against the window, settled again close to Frisk.

"Now is my time," said she to herself, approaching very cautiously, and then, suddenly raising her paw, she brought it down upon the bee with a triumphant "Mow."

But, alas! the new of triumph was changed into a howl of pain. She had killed the bee, certainly, but the bee had stung her soft velvet paw, and she limped about the room in agony.

The old cat jumped up.

"You foolish kitten," she said, "did I not warn you of what would happen? However, it is the way of the world. Everyone must learn by his own experience."

No woman will love a man better for being renowned or prominent. Though he be the first among men, she will be prouder, not fonder; as is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation, kindness, and there is no sacrifice she will not make for his content and comfort. The man who loves her well is her hero and king, no less a hero to her though he is not to any other, no less a king though his only kingdom is her heart and home. In nine cases out of ten it is a man's own fault if he is unhappy or miserable with his wife.

RENEW and retain your youthful appearance by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the best article of its kind.

REMEMBER ME.

BY A. E.

When shadows o'er the earth are creeping,
And stars peep from the skies,
When birdlings in their nests are sleeping,
And Nature slumbering lies;
And when the midnight moon is shining
Across the tranquil sea,
O, thou for whom my soul is pining,
Remember me!

And when the rosy morn is coming
Above the eastern hills,
And blithe birds sing, and bees are humming,
And Nature's great heart thrills;
When all the happy world is waking
To glad activity,
O, thou for whom my heart is breaking,
Remember me!

And through the daylight's changing hours,
The quiet rest at noon,
When lengthening shadows warn the flowers
They must be closing soon;
And when the golden sun is setting
Into the western sea,
Thou whom my heart is still regretting,
Remember me!

At morning, midnight, noon, or even',
At every time or place,
When Winter's icy blasts are driven,
In Spring-time's budding grace;
When Summer decks the world with beauty,
When dead leaves strew the lea,
Thou, whose least wish is still my duty,
Remember me!

In happiness or sorrow ever,
In joy or grief or pain,
Know that my love will leave thee never,
And that I'll come again;
When thou shalt fold thy white hands, saying,
"Protect those on the sea!"
O! most of all when thou art praying,
Remember me!

ABOUT BIRDS.

Pigeons and doves have played prominent parts in old days. They were domesticated three thousand years before the Christian era, and their beauty and constancy gained them universal fame. The dove one must always feel a sort of reverence for, as being the emblem of the Holy Spirit, for which reason the Russians are said to abstain from it as food.

It has been widely used as a symbol in Christian art. When represented issuing from the mouth of the dying, it is the emblem of the soul; when given to the Virgin and some women-saints, of purity; when hovering over holy men, of divine inspiration.

In heathen legend, it was one of the birds of Venus, and doves succored Semiramis as a babe, and in the shape of a dove she disappeared.

A dove hovering over a house is a sign of death, and an old saying avers: "He who is sprinkled with pigeon's blood will never die a natural death."

We are told that, as a sculptor was carrying home a bust of Charles I., a pigeon was struck by a hawk overhead, and its blood fell upon the neck of the bust—a fatal omen.

All who have been to Venice must remember the crowds of marvelously tame pigeons that make their homes in the square of St. Mark; and who are still petted and guarded on account of their far-away forbears having brought home news of a victory won by Dandolo at Candia in the beginning of the 13th century.

The lovely bird of Paradise had most extraordinary stories told of it. It was gravely asserted that it always lived in the air, buoyed up by the lightness of its feathers; that the shoulders were used for a nest; that it fed on morning dew; and that, if it ever did rest, it suspended itself from a branch by the long filamentary feathers of its tail.

Of the canary—another foreigner—a pretty anecdote is told relating to its first arrival in Europe. A ship containing a large number of birds was wrecked on the Italian coast. All hope of saving human life was gone; but, as she settled to her doom, one of the sailors of the fated vessel bethought him that, when he was past all help, the little golden songsters had yet a chance of safety if released. So, as the sinking ship went down, a merciful hand gave the frightened birds their freedom; and, while their preserver perished, they spread their wings, rejoicing in their liberty, and reached the nearest land—the island of Elba.

When we listen to our own pet birdie's joyous song, we may well give a passing thought to the sailor, who, so long ago, in the bitterness of his own death-hour, had mercy on those little helpless lives.

The prettily-crested hoopoes are called by the Arabs the children of Solomon, and have an elaborate legend connecting them with the wise King. Once upon a time, Solomon was traveling through the air on a carpet, and was incommoded by the heat of the sun. As he could speak the languages of all the birds and beasts, he called to the vultures to come and shade him, but they were going in another direction, and refused.

Then said Solomon: "Cursed be ye, O vultures! and because ye will not obey the commands of your Lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your neck shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the beating of the rain, shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers like the necks of other birds. And whereas ye have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion, and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world!"

Then came a flock of hoopoes, and the King said: "O, hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings."

The king of the hoopoes answered: "O, king! we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade; but we will call our nation together, and by our numbers we shall try to make up for our small size."

So they all drew together, and flying in a cloud above him, protected him from the rays of the sun. And, when the journey was done, Solomon bade the king bird choose a reward for the service he and his race had done.

So the hoopoes king consulted his queen, and she persuaded him to ask that all hoopoes might henceforth wear golden crowns. And the great King, though he thought it folly, did as they wished.

And the hoopoes were very proud of their new adornments, but they found that every one strove to capture and kill them for the sake of the crowns. So they told Solomon of their ill-luck, and he changed their crowns into crests of feathers, which they wear to this day.

The noble chanticleer was considered sacred to Æsculapius by the heathen world, and by the Christian was selected on account of his wakeful spirit and warning voice, and was thus elevated to the church-steeple as the weather vane.

Only in the last century, George I. was supposed to have appeared after death in guise of a raven to the Duchess of Kendal; and Poe's remarkable raven, "whose fiery eyes burned into his bosom's core," is a creature of our own century.

Grains of Gold.

Self-trust is the secret of success.

Manners are the happy ways of doing things.

Go with mean people, and you think life is mean.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.

To read much and practice nothing, is to hunt much and catch nothing.

The conditions of success are three—work, concentration and fitness.

When you are forced to blame, appear, at least, to do it with reluctance.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.

It is a noble species of revenge to have the power of retaliation and not to exercise it.

No man is more severely punished than he who is subject to the whip of his own remorse.

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.

It takes but a moment to cloud a lovely morning, and a slight misdeed to mar the happiness of life.

Virtue dwells at the head of a river, up which we cannot get except by rowing against the stream.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you fancied.

Never employ yourself to discern the faults of others, but be careful to amend and prevent your own.

It is no help to a sailor to see a flash of light across a darkness, if he does not instantly steer accordingly.

Cultivate forbearance till your heart yields a fine crop of it. Pray for a short memory as to all unkindnesses.

Nowhere can a man go that temptation cannot find him. Temptation possesses a free pass on all the railroads, a free berth on all the boats, a free entrance to all the school-rooms, play-grounds, business offices, and even churches.

Femininities.

A woman's tears soften a man's heart—her flatteries his head.

The story of Red Riding Hood told on a set of silver spoons is a novelty.

Out of eighteen births at La Moore, Dakota, this year, seventeen were girls.

A very curious parlor clock is a bird made in gold, enriched with enamel or precious stones.

In making calls never stay so long as to create in the mind of your hostess an intense desire that you would go.

Ultra fashionable young ladies in New York are learning to knit stockings, using gold needles tipped with pearls.

An exchange heads one of its columns, "Men and Things." The women ought to rise in arms in indignation at being called by such a name.

An Augusta, Me., woman who is trying long walks to offset a tendency to obesity, reports that her weight has been reduced eight pounds in two weeks.

When the female suffragists got out their declaration of independence, it is presumed that they will commence it thus: "When in the course of few more events."

A man said to his aged mother, speaking of his wife: "I do wish I could keep Mary from exaggerating so." "Get her to talk about her age," responded the old lady.

"Lectures on Cooking!" exclaimed Mrs. B.; "no, I'm not going to 'em. My husband lectures on cooking, and, when he mentions his mother, he looks around for somebody to applaud."

Mrs. Smith—"I fear I'm failing fast." Mrs. Jones—"Nonsense; I only hope I shall look as well when I am of your age!" Mrs. Smith (sotto voce)—"When she is my age—the idea! The hateful old thing!"

Since the appearance of the photograph of the Princess of Wales in the mortar-board and gown of her academic degree as a doctor of music, hats have been made of a similar shape, and are all the rage in London.

Ethel: "Mamma, I think Frank means business." Mamma: "Why, what a way to talk, child! But tell me, what makes you think so?" Ethel: "He gave me a pair of sleeve-buttons last night, and they were linked."

A Brooklyn man who got up and went out of a theatre in that city the other night between the acts, leaving his wife, dropped dead upon reaching the street, and his wife did not learn of the occurrence until she reached home.

There are men who can face unflinchingly the bayonets and the bullets of the enemy on the battle-field, but who are scared half to death at the prospect of facing a little, weak woman when going home from the lodge at two or three o'clock in the morning.

A young woman bought an ecru poodle of a curbstone dealer in dogs over in New York, and proudly took home the prize. There it was seen that the animal was not an ecru poodle at all, but an imbred yellow cur, ingeniously covered with the skin of a poodle.

An anxious pair of elopers, in their search for a parson to complete their union, went to a cemetery when a funeral was in progress, seized the minister the moment the services were concluded, and, leading him away a short distance, were married on the spot.

"Oh, Harry, what a beautiful birthday present. I am glad to know that you didn't forget me. Pure gold, isn't it?" Harry, betrothed—"Yes, darling." "And the case is superb. It isn't a charm, or an earring, or you would have bought me a pair. I never saw anything like it. What is it?" "A thimble."

"My dear, can't we have some sweetmeats for dessert?" "I'm tiring of this baker's pie," said a newly-married man, as he rejected a piece of sole-leather pie. "Yes, darling, I'll order some for to-morrow." The next morning she sent her servant girl to the butcher's with a note calling for four pounds of sweetmeats.

Parisians with whom money is no object and who aspire to anything that is "tony," diversify the flowers they wear according to the time of day. In the morning, from 9 to 11 or 12, violets are the correct blossoms, from 1 to 5, mimosa is all the rage; hyacinth or primrose are considered dinner wear, and at dances, soirees, and, in fact, after 11 at night, gardenias, white lilac or roses are permissible.

A Washington lady was much surprised recently upon receiving notice from her dusky cook that she was about to leave her service in order to enter into the holy state of matrimony. "Why," said she, "I did not even know you had an admirer!" "O, yes'm, for some time!" "Who is it, Mary?" "Don't you 'member, Miss Lizzie, dat I 'tended a fun'ral 'bout two weeks ago? Well, it am de corpse's husband."

The family of the Livingstones, of New York, first came from Erin. The Livingstones in Ireland lived on the land of the famous Con O'Neill, who once was rescued from prison by his wife in the oddest manner imaginable. She hollowed out two small cheeses, concealed a rope in each and sent them to her lord and master, who swung himself down from the castle window and struck a free foot upon the green grass beneath.

At an evening party Dumley was introduced to a young lady, and, after a remark about the weather, he said gallantly—"And have I really the pleasure of meeting the beautiful Miss Smith, whose praises are being sounded by everybody?" "Oh, no, Mr. Dumley," the lady replied, "the beautiful Miss Smith to whom you refer is a cousin of mine." "Oh, that's it! Well, I thought there must be a mistake somewhere!" said the gallant Dumley.

As a rule, the whole tone of a home depends upon the woman at the head of it—the average home, not the poverty-stricken home, or the wealthy home. In this average home whether sunshine shall enter the rooms, whether the parlor shall be used and enjoyed, whether the table shall be invitingly spread, whether bright lights and bright fires shall give warmth and cheer on winter nights—whether, in brief, the home shall be an agreeable or a disagreeable place, is usually what the woman determines.

Masculinities.

Conceit may puff a man up, but will never prop him up.

The great tobbaconist's, Pierre Lorrilard's, new dog kennel will cost about $80,000.

Isaac Watermine being the name of a Topeka, Kan., dairyman, his neighbors maliciously allude to him as "I Waterwine."

One Plumstead of Woolwich, England, has not been abed for seven years, nor does he sleep more than a dozen winks in the 24 hours.

A Boston man, whose wife has ran away with a drummer, has sworn a solemn oath to kill the scoundrel on sight—if he brings her back again.

The man who went to the country for "rest and change," last summer, says the waiters got most of his change, and the landlord the rest.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, and the cook in the Parker House restaurant, a Boston writer suggestively points out, receive each a salary of $4,000 a year.

The three emperors were together at Kremsier twenty hours only, but the entertainment while there cost the Austrian Court Treasury some $300,000, or $250 a minute.

Five boys, born of one mother, within the same house, in Fannin county, Texas, a few days ago, have been named Cleveland, Hendricks, Bayard, Manning, and Chenowith.

Patents are issued in this country at the rate of six hundred a week, and yet a man who paints his moustache is without any means of concealing a deception which deceives no one.

Lawrence E. Moones, of Cincinnati, and Miss Cora Lennox, of Dayton, Ohio, were recently married, their acquaintance and courtship having all been by telegraph. Both were operators.

The colored people of Wathena, Kansas, began a "protracted meeting" in August, 1881, which has been kept up ever since, without missing a night. Nor is there any telling when it will stop.

This is a free country, but that is no reason why a man should be compelled to walk in the gutter in order to allow three or four young women to promenade arm-in-arm upon the sidewalk.

A dentist of Bristol, Conn., was surprised the other day by a call from a Middletown man, who paid him twenty-five cents which he had owed him for twenty years, for pulling a tooth.

A French scientist says that a man fifty years of age sleeps away an aggregate of six thousand days. Well, that's all right. It would be better for the world if a good many men spent more of their lives in slumber.

White pinafores and Panama straw hats form the distinguishing uniform of the street-car conductors of the Chilian towns. Women monopolised the business during the war with Peru, and they have retained it.

At Sacramento, Cal., recently, Thomas Harris, aged 37 years, was married to his adopted daughter, aged 18. Two days before he obtained a divorce, for cruelty, from his first spouse, who is left to support their four children.

It was the boast of the West some years ago that a bonanza man of some sort had drawn his check on a shingle for $300,000. Down in Texas the other day it was decided that Hugh Bennison's will, scrawled on a candle-box, should stand.

"The Dyaks here," writes Joseph Hatton, with reference to the hunters of Borneo, "kill rat monkeys, the skins of which they tie round their waists, letting the tails hang down behind. This, no doubt, is the origin of the reported existence of men with tails."

"What would you do if I were to die while I am away?" asked a father of a five-year-old son as he was leaving home for a long journey. With a half-suppressed sob, the little fellow said: "Why, I—I—I should ask God to make me another papa just as good as you are, and maybe better."

A couple stood before a Chestnut street jeweler's the other evening, when the young lady remarked: "Dawgie, don't you think there is something perfectly lovely about those clocks?" "What do you admire so much about them?" he asked. "Why, don't you see they—they name the day." The future will tell if Dawgie understood.

In Smith's "History of Cork," there is the following paragraph: "Mr. John Goodman, of Cork, died in January, 1767, aged about fourscore. But what is remarkable of him, his mother was interred while she lay in a trance; having been buried in a vault, which she found means to open, she walked home; and this Mr. Goodman was born some time after."

The "Tragedy of Kitty's Cat," is a matter of interest to those who like to keep the run of queer love cases. In this affair of the heart young Staple, a stonecutter, let jealousy and love's jaundice seize him, because his girl, Miss Kittie, favored her pet puss better than himself. First, he tried to shoot the rival, and failing, turned the pistol against himself.

The late Judge Delos Lake, of San Francisco, endeared himself greatly to the criminal classes by his method of passing sentence, which was, first, to exhibit all the thunderbolts of the law, then to point out that the culprit might not be hardened in sin, hence clemency might work a cure, and then to remark, blandly: "I sentence you to nineteen years and eleven months—I might have given you twenty years!"

"Brother A. E. Soloder, a distinguished and highly educated cannibal," was introduced to the startled members of the M. E. Conference, at Washington, recently. Brother Soloder explained that he was a Fijian, and that in his early days he had affected a diet of boiled rice and missionary, but that for thirty-five years past he had been a missionary himself. Human flesh, he explained, was something like mule, only sweeter.

"Dear me, but I have been so unfortunate in my little stock speculations," she was saying at the party the other night. "Have you been in stocks?" queried one. "Oh dear, yes—nearly two years now, and do you know I have lost nearly $10,000 of the money given me by father as a dowry. Really, I am almost discouraged." "Who's your broker?" brusquely inquired one of the gentlemen. "Why, my husband, of course."

His Life and Hers.

BY PERCY VERE.

YOU do not, I hope, despair of your father's forgiveness, Ellen.

"No, Edward; not eventually. His wrath will be great at first, but he loves me too well to hold out his anger long: and then, when he has forgiven us, Edward, and you are better known to him, shall we not be happy?"

"Happy!—yes, very happy. Good night, dearest Ellen, and may angels ever guard you."

A strange cold smile stole over the speaker's lips as the door closed upon his bride elect, arguing as little respect as love; for though the man believed once that he was really in love, avarice, self-love—passions most base and execrable—were alone his master-movers.

"To marry her, and not to love her!" he muttered, in one of those deep-toned soliloquies which bespeak a great purpose. "And yet she is the loveliest creature I ever beheld. To be revenged upon the parvenu who scorned my name and station because I was poor—that will be something. To possess his treasures, to revel in his enormous wealth, ha, ha! To show my proud and sordid kindred that the pauperized younger son can outdo, 'my lady' and 'my lord' in carriages, horses, and hounds: to triumph over and despise them all!"

Edward Baldwin was the younger son of a younger son.

He had tasted of the sweets of affluence, and he was cast into the world without a profession, a pauper.

He had considerable mental and personal advantages: and as he had divested himself of those little sensibilities which men know as self-respect, honor, honesty, etc., he was ready to sell either at any time, provided the price was good.

Having no other earthly chance, he adopted the plan which necessity has made fashionable—he determined to wed an heiress.

Ellen Norman was one; she was young, beautiful, and possessed an intellect highly cultivated.

Her father was proud, irascible, and devotedly fond of his child, on whom he had concentrated all his affection.

He possessed a singular antipathy to aristocratic distractions and descents, and treated Edward Baldwin's advances with the greatest contempt.

This rankled in the heart of the revengeful man, and he had now two strong reasons for persevering.

He won Ellen's heart; he obtained her consent to an elopement: and as he knew the devoted fondness of the old man for his child, he had little doubt but that the immense wealth she must soon inherit would be his, and then he would wring the heart of the proud father.

* * * * * *

Having sat down and drank some wine, he, in spite of a feverish impatience which tormented him, went to bed, and slept a calm, dreamless sleep until the next morning.

It was yet early, and almost all the inmates of the hotel in which the above events occurred were still asleep, when Edward Baldwin rose, and waited for the early post.

This was the letter he received:—

"DEAR BALDWIN,—

"Your game was well played with the exception of the last hand, which has gone decidedly against you. To the surprise of all, the moment it was known that Ellen had fled with you, the terrific anger of the old man changed into a calmness as cold and indifferent as if nothing whatever had happened. To tell you the truth, I feared it more than his rage. The same afternoon he called in his lawyer, tore up his will, and drew up another, in which a hundred dollars is left for his daughter. I tell you this for your guidance; she will not have a shilling more, I am convinced.

"Yours in haste,
"T. G."

Such was the scribbled note which made the man's face of an ashy whiteness, and filled his heart with dismay and terror.

There was a fire in his eye and foam upon his working lip as he half muttered between his teeth, "Baffled, defeated, beaten! on my own ground, too! What is to be done? I cannot, I will not marry her! Shall I send her back? What! and still miss half my aim? Be beaten, be insulted, and not be revenged? No, no, no!"

And stalking to and fro about the room, a multitude of thoughts began to move him, one darker, deadlier, than all the rest, taking hold of him; and though he shuddered and paled beneath it, still it would cling to him, and he could not resist it.

The morning was wearing on. He would soon see Ellen; and how should he meet her now?

How could he listen to the fond artless tone, how meet those guileless eyes that looked up to him in trust and love? He cursed her, and himself, and all in a bitter, fearful mood.

They met at breakfast, but by that time Baldwin had smoothed his brow, and was enabled to assume his gayest manner.

It is necessary to explain that these occurrences happened one winter in Scotland and that the couple had fled together from London.

The neighborhood was celebrated, therefore, for its wild scenery, its huge waterfalls, and other elements of savage grandeur and Ellen expressed a wish to look upon one of them, distant about eight or ten miles.

From some unexpected reason; Baldwin made arrangements so that they should not return, but go still forward.

He obtained a conveyance which took them near to a favorite spot for visitors, where a sheet of water fell from a height of one hundred feet with a tremendous roar—a terrible and imposing scene.

Their conveyance was dismissed, and journeying on alone, Ellen supporting herself by clinging to Baldwin's arm, felt no fear or hesitation, though the wind was bitter cold.

It seemed this morning as if a film of cloud and fire led Baldwin on from spot to spot, from ledge to ledge.

The unutterably gloomy and sombre aspect of the scene, the huge distracting chaos of water thundering down with an earth-quaking tremble, seemed to chill the blood in Ellen's veins, and to warm the blood at the same time around Baldwin's heart.

The idea which had gradually received birth within his heart at a dark and evil moment became a form, a shape, an almost tangible presence to him.

Words were hissed in his ear, whose meaning might be traced in characters of blood, and the eyes of the man grew red, and his face, at last so dark, truculent, and diabolical, that as they stood upon a ledge of the rocky platform half-way up, casting a glance into the bubbling cauldron far beneath their feet, Ellen caught sight of it, and in an accent of terror cried out, "Baldwin! Baldwin! for Heaven's love tell me what is the matter with you?"

He made no reply, but looked upon her as though he had suddenly grown insane.

"Baldwin!"—and Ellen clung wildly to him—"you terrify me. Take me away; I am cold."

"Don't you enjoy this fine scenery, then?"

The girl shrank back at the sound of his voice.

"Look below," he continued; "look into that pool, black as ink, silent as death. Who knows how many a yard beneath its vaulted roof that hideous cave extends. Shall we see it?"

"Baldwin, take me home to my father—to my mother! I am frightened!"

And still she shrank away from him.

"Home!" echoed Baldwin, his eyes in an absolute blaze of fury; "to your father! Insult and laughter from one! Failure!—to be baffled, and not to be revenged——"

He concluded this broken sentence with an expression and a curse that froze the very marrow in Ellen's bones.

Five minutes later the corpse of the murdered girl slept in the bosom of that black and silent gulf beneath the rocks; and still in her cold and cloven heart remained the knife with which the assassin had committed the deed.

The dull plash which fell upon the ear of the wretch startled him as if a supernatural galvanism had been communicated to every nerve and fibre of his body.

Partial darkness appeared to have fallen around, and he saw hideous faces and writhing shapes in the falling torrent.

The beseeching face, the soft, dove-like eyes, the alarmed, half-reproachful, half-dismayed, and yet living glance, seemed to pierce his very brain; and placing his two red and dripping hands (for there had been a horrible struggle, and blow had succeeded blow with the deadly knife) upon his ears, with a yell like to that which a madman gives utterance to, he rushed wildly from the spot.

Solitude was the great characteristic of the place, and no human eye beheld the deed done that morning, save the actor's own.

The keen north wind sang sternly amid the crags, and came with piercing keenness against the breast of the maddened man; but his brow was hot, and his breast contained a fire that could not be quenched. On he went shunning men and habitations towns and villages—on through the wild forest, over the bleak hill, across the shelterless plain, till the moon shone out, and the stars gave intolerable light to the man who wished to be in eternal darkness.

* * * * * *

For three days and two night across the solemn wilds, with their dim, dreary, frozen horizons, their awful strife of tempest, and their fearful falls of snow; through forest, across the mountain, followed by the haggard Nemesis which his own conscience shaped out, went the murderer.

Rain and snow were now falling in blended masses, like white and roaring cataracts.

Staggering about drunkenly, he glared through the thick darkness towards the ebon sky, which was pouring forth its congealed torrents; but neither star shone, nor lightning flashed, and there, like the embodiment of solitude, like the last man amid the chaos of a convulsed world, eclipsed in an eternal blackness, mouthing at the skies, and uttering terrible imprecations, was the murderer.

Then on he went across the barren plain. A thick mass like a forest wall, stood before him.

Through this he passed with tremendous efforts.

The sound of the wind through the frozen branches was unutterably awful, and the unnatural strength which fear and remorse had given the man, and which, combined, formed something like insanity, bore him on and on in defiance of every obstacle. To the shout of the storm he now replied with one of ferocious enthusiasm; and the wildest phantoms that the imagination of man conceived could not have been a more horrible thing to meet than was this cursed being the last night of his life.

Bruised, bleeding, but with undiminished strength, the man held his way. The sounding roar, the voice of many waters falling, like refreshed cataracts, caught his ear.

He stopped, uttered a cry, and rushed on. To the very edge of a rock, groping till his eye became somewhat familiar to the place.

Below him he saw the very ledge from which he had flung the corpse of Ellen.

A few desperate bounds brought him to the spot.

The sound of the blast, the roar of the waters, the sleet, the trembling of the ground beneath his feet; but, above all, that face, that piteous look; that white neck, ghastly, bleeding; the thin, fair hands, cut and gashed across; the light dress that began to grow crimson as stab after stab weakened her grasp; the eyes!—oh, those eyes!—all came to his recollection. Again did he execrate and struggle; again did the bitter blood of revenge rankle in his heart; again did he laugh a fiend-like laugh as he thought of the old man who had baffled him, but who would mourn for his child, and die heart-broken.

Baldwin approached the edge of the pit. Still was the icy pool; but there were eyes with a horrible fascination fastened upon him, and white arms beckoning him to come; and, with one yell, he precipitated himself into the gulf, which closed instantly over him.

This ended "His Life and Hers."

The Invalid's Pipe.

BY U. N. WATERS.

IT was not far from the Castle of Furstenstein, near the spot where the gallant Blucher, with the brave army of Silesia, won such glory, that the Baron of Furstenstein met a maimed soldier, who was endeavoring to reach Berlin to claim his pension, and whose age denoted that his wound had long been his honorable though painful companion.

The Baron, observing a very richly-mounted pipe in the old man's possession, accosted him with, "God bless you, old soldier! does your pipe comfort you this morning?"

The pipe which the old soldier was smoking was made of a curious sort of porcelain, and mounted with gold.

The Baron wondered to see so costly a pipe in the old soldier's possession, and wishing to purchase it from him, said:

"My friend, what shall I give you for your pipe?"

"Oh, sir!" replied the soldier, shaking his head, "this pipe I can never part with: it was the gift of the bravest of men, who took it from a Turkish Bashaw at the battle of Belgrade. There, sir, thanks to Prince Eugene, we obtained noble spoils—there, where our troops so bravely destroyed the Turkish squadrons."

"Talk another time of your exploits, my friend," said the nobleman; "here, take this double ducat, and give me your pipe; I feel an unsurmountable wish to possess it."

"I am a poor man, sir, and have nothing to live upon but my pension; yet I would not part with this pipe for all the gold that you possess. Listen, sir, and I will relate to you the story of this pipe, which is remarkable, or my poverty would long ere now induce me to sell it:—As we Hussars were charging over the enemy, a shot from the ranks of the Janissaries pierced our noble captain through the breast; I caught him in my arms, placed him on my horse, and carried him out of the confusion of the battle.

"It was an irresistible sensation of gratitude that prompted me to do so, for he had once rescued me when I was wounded and taken prisoner. I watched over him to the latest moment; and a few moments before his death he gave me his purse and this pipe, then pressed my hand and breathed his last sigh. Heroic spirit! never shall I forget him!"

As he thus spoke, the tears fell fast from the old man's eyes, but he soon recovered himself, and proceeded:

"The money I gave to the worthy landlord under whose roof he died, and who had been thrice plundered by the enemy; the pipe I kept as a sacred remembrance of the brave. In every situation, and through all the vicissitudes of my life, I have taken care to preserve it as a sacred relic, whether pursuing or retreating from the enemy; and when it was not in use, I placed it for safety within my boot. At the battle of Prague, a cannon-ball unfortunately carried my right leg and pipe away together. My first thought was to secure the safety of my pipe, for at that moment I felt but little pain, and then——"

"Stop, soldier; your story is too affecting! O tell me, I entreat you, who was the brave man, that I may also honor and respect his memory?"

"His name was Walter von Furstenstein; and I have heard that his family was of Silesia, and that his estates lay in that province."

"Gracious God!" ejaculated the nobleman, "he was my father, and the estates you mention, good old man, are mine. Come, friend, forget all your sorrows, and live with me under that same Walter's roof whom on so faithfully served; and come and eat of Walter's bread, and partake of that comfort which your age demands, and which my gratitude for your services to the best of fathers is ready to bestow. I am too deeply affected to say more at present; enter this mansion, where you shall repose in peace for the remainder of your life!"

"Thanks, noble sir; I accept your generous charity; the son of Walter von Furstenstein is worthy of such a father. Here, sir, take this relic" (presenting the pipe); "it is a memorial of that Providence which has so miraculously conducted me from the father to the son."

The pipe still remains hung up among the family trophies in the Castle of Furstenstein.

COMRADESHIP.—Some months ago a disabled ship was struggling with a heavy gale in the dead of night. "We cannot last much longer," whispered the mate in the captain's ear. Just then the report of a gun was heard. "Another ship in distress!" said the captain; and he gave orders to shape the course in that direction. In due time they came near the vessel, which was in a worse plight than themselves. "We are disabled, and cannot help you," was the word sent over to the storm-tossed craft. "Well, just stand by us till morning!" was the reply. The two ships kept near each other till day dawned, each crew encouraged by the presence of its neighbors. During the day the storm abated, and both vessels succeeded in making an adjacent port. There is nothing like a word or sign of sympathy to cheer people up when they are struggling. Good comradeship, in school or in business, is a wonderful tonic. It makes work lighter and trouble easy to bear.

Some Frank Confessions!

"Our remedies are unreliable."—Dr. Valentine Mott.

"We have multiplied diseases."—Dr. Rush, Philadelphia.

"Thousands are annually slaughtered in the sick room."—Dr. Frank.

"The science of medicine is founded on conjecture, improved by murder."—Sir Astley Cooper, M. D.

"The medical practice of the present day is neither philosophical nor common sense."—Dr. Evans, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Dr. D. Lewis, who abhors drugs as a rule and practices hygiene, is frank enough, however, to say over his signature, "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I should use Warner's safe cure because I am satisfied it is not injurious. The medical profession stands helpless in the presence of more than one such malady."

An old proverb says: If a person dies without the services of a doctor, then a coroner must be called in and a jury empanelled to inquire and determine upon the cause of death; but if a doctor attended a case, then no coroner and jury are needed as everybody knows why the person died—*medical Herald.*

AYER'S
SUGAR
CATHARTIC
COATED
PILLS
CURE

Headache, Nausea, Dizziness, and Drowsiness. They stimulate the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, to healthy action, assist digestion, and increase the appetite. They combine cathartic, diuretic, and tonic properties of the greatest value, are a purely vegetable compound, and may be taken with perfect safety, either by children or adults. E. L. Thomas, Framingham, Mass., writes: "For a number of years I was subject to violent Headaches, arising from a disordered condition of the stomach and bowels. About a year ago I commenced the use of Ayer's Pills, and have not had a headache since." W. P. Hannah, Gormley P. O., York Co., Ont., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the last thirty years, and can safely say that I have never found their equal as a cathartic medicine. I am never without them in my house." C. D. Moore, Elgin, Ill., writes: "Indigestion, Headache, and Loss of Appetite, had so weakened and debilitated my system, that I was obliged to give up work. After being under the doctor's care for two weeks, without getting any relief, I began taking Ayer's Pills. My appetite and strength returned, and I was soon enabled to resume my work, in perfect health."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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Recent Book Issues.

"Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," is the translation of a story of the same title which for many years has been regarded in the light of a French classic. It is a most pleasant and instructive tale of filial love, devotion and sacrifice. Those who read it, will no doubt be of our opinion that it is very easy to find books of more pretence, and far less interest or benefit. Gottsberger, New York, Publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Mam'zelle Eugenie,' by Madame Henry Greville, of Petersons' new 25 cent series of charming novels, now being published by them, is just issued. It is a Russian love story of much power and originality. T. B Peterson & Brothers, Phila., Pa.

"On Both Sides," a novel, by Francis Courtney Baylor is a story that will well repay reading. The style is bright and flowing generally, and the plot, though not deep, is fairly interesting. The characters are largely conventional types, but they are well sketched. The chief aim of the book is to contrast the social life of this country with that of England, and the author has acquitted herself in this direction with humor and pleasant satire, showing much of keen observation and thoughtful study. Published and for sale by Lippincott & Co.

"Aurora," is a novel, by Mary Agnes Tincker, which originally appeared in Lippincott's Magazine, where it attracted much attention by its well-constructed plot and the force, vividness, and discrimination shown in its character painting. Read as a continuous whole, the story gains greatly in impressiveness, and may be repernsed with but little decrease in the interest aroused by a first reading. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Another volume of the *Magazine of Art* closes with the very attractive and interesting number for December. The frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Hamilton as The Spinstress, reproduced in color from Romney's famous painting. Other portraits of Lady Hamilton are given, together with a spirited description of the career of that brilliant, though unhappy beauty. Burnham Beeches, is a beautifully illustrated paper descriptive of a recently acquired park in the London suburbs. The myth of Perseus and Andromeda, is illustrated from classic models. Below the Sea, is a page illustrated poem, printed in tint. An interesting and amusing account of an incident in the life of J. W. M. Turner is given in a chapter on the Romance of Art. The American pictures in the Paris salon are described by R. A. M. Stevenson, and illustrated from the artist's works, including a full-page reproduction from J. S. Sargent's portrait of the Misses Vickers. An illustrated paper on the Medallists of the Renaissance, is founded on Alois Heiss' recent volume. The art of DeNeuville is carefully analyzed by the editor of the magazine, Mr. W. E. Henly. The department of American and Foreign notes will be found as full as it is newsy. Terms $3.50 a year. Cassell & Co., Publishers, New York.

A COOL AUTHOR.—Tom Hood wrote at night, when all was quiet. Trollope could keep steadily to his work, no matter what the surrounding distractions. But for indifference to his surroundings the palm must surely be given to Victor Hugo. According to one of his friends, he wrote "Notre Dame" during the Revolution of 1830; while bullets were whistling across his garden, and barricades were being erected almost at his door. "He shut himself up in one room, locking up his clothes lest they should tempt him to go into the streets, and spent the whole of that winter wrapped up in a big gray comforter writing against time to complete his work by the first of February, 1831." The author of a work on "French Political Leaders," tells us that Victor Hugo wrote that terribly pathetic drama, "Le Roi S'Amuse," during the insurrection. The first act was written in four days. As he lived near the Tuileries garden he was accustomed to walk there under the trees, and to compose his verses as he walked. One day, when hard at work on a monologue, he was interrupted by a riot, whose angry waves penetrated almost to his peaceful retreat, and compelled him to take refuge in a neighboring arcade. The tide of battle followed him, and the poet, for protection fled to the cellar.

HIGH STYLE.—Henry Erskine, a famous English lawyer, met his acquaintance, James Balfour, a barrister, who dealt greatly in hard words and circumlocutory sentences. Perceiving that his ankle was tied up in a silk handkerchief, the former asked the cause. "Why, my dear sir," replied the wordy lawyer, "I was taking a rural, romantic ramble in my brother's grounds, when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and have grazed the epidermis of my skin, attended with a slight extravasation of blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Mr. Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not so lofty as your style, or you would have broken your neck."

WHEN is a baby not a baby? When it is a little cross.

IF the gentleman whose lips pressed the lady's snowy brow and thus caught a severe cold had but used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, no doctor's bill would have been necessary.

Humorous.

AS PLAGUES.

They're always abusing the women as a terrible plague to men:
They say we're the root of all evil, and repeat it again and again;
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed—all mischief, be what it may—
And pray, then, why do you marry us, if we're all the plagues you say?

And why do you take such care of us, and keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment if ever we chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking heaven that your plague is out of the way.
You all keep fussing and fretting—"Where is my plague to-day?"

If a plague peeps out of the window, up go the eyes of the men:
If she nods, then they all keep staring until she looks out again.

—S. T. OLEN.

A celebrated after dinner speech—Have a cigar?

"What would you have been without your kind father and mother?" said a lady to a little girl whom she wished to impress with a sense of her great obligation to her parents. "I suppose, ma'am, I should have been an orphan."

"What is usually the nationality of bootblacks, my dear?" asked Mrs. Caution, while her husband was studying the score of a base-ball game. "Oh, it varies," replied Caution. "Sometimes they are Polish, and sometimes Chinese."

"How things do grow this weather," said the deacon to Brother Amos. "Yes, they do," replied the brother. "Last night I heard you say you caught forty fish and this morning I heard you tell Mr. Smith it was one hundred and fifty."

"What is the matter with the patient?" asked a young and illiterate physician. "Why, he is convalescent," was the answer of the attendant. "Oh, then," responded the physician, "that's nothing. I can cure convalescence in three hours."

Policeman—"Come down out o' that, young feller." Reporter—"But I'm a reporter, and I want to get a description of the fire." Policeman—"Arrah, away wid you. You can't stay there. You kin find out all about the foire from the papers in the morrnin'."

A society paper, in describing the order in which a bridal party passed down the church aisle, says: "The bride walked on the arm of her father." This may be all right, but it seems to us that a church was hardly the place for her to display her acrobatic accomplishments.

A paragraphist convulses his intellect to remark: "A cyclone is like a waiter—it carries everything before it." We can think of several respects in which a cyclone is not like a waiter; and one of them is, that it doesn't take fifty-five minutes to go after a beefsteak.

A lady, traveling to a resort, was annoyed by the expectorations of a fellow behind, and when the conductor entered, she drew up her dress and asked: "Conductor, have you not any rule in regard to spitting in the car?" The genial ticket-puncher smiled on her, and responded: "No marm; you can spit wherever you like."

Notice.

To our musical readers requiring the best sheet music Binder ever brought before our notice, we would call special attention to the one advertised on this page. We have no hesitation in saying you can bind your own music with it as completely as a purchased volume. We have examined, and cheerfully endorse it.—[ED.]

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THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to those afflicted with nervous debility, and all kindred troubles. Also very efficient for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

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If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—Fail.

—The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid, can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble, or any weakness, will be made almost new by using hop bitters.

☞My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters, and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth!!!

—Malarial, fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

—"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—*Ed. Oswego Sun.*

☞Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters, and you need not fear sickness.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!!!

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Bitters will keep a whole family
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☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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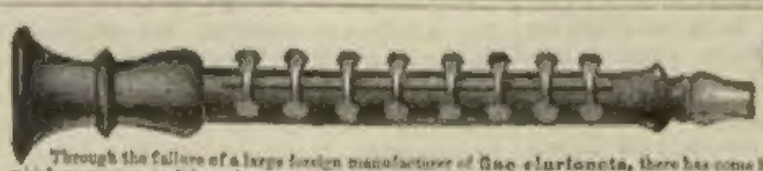

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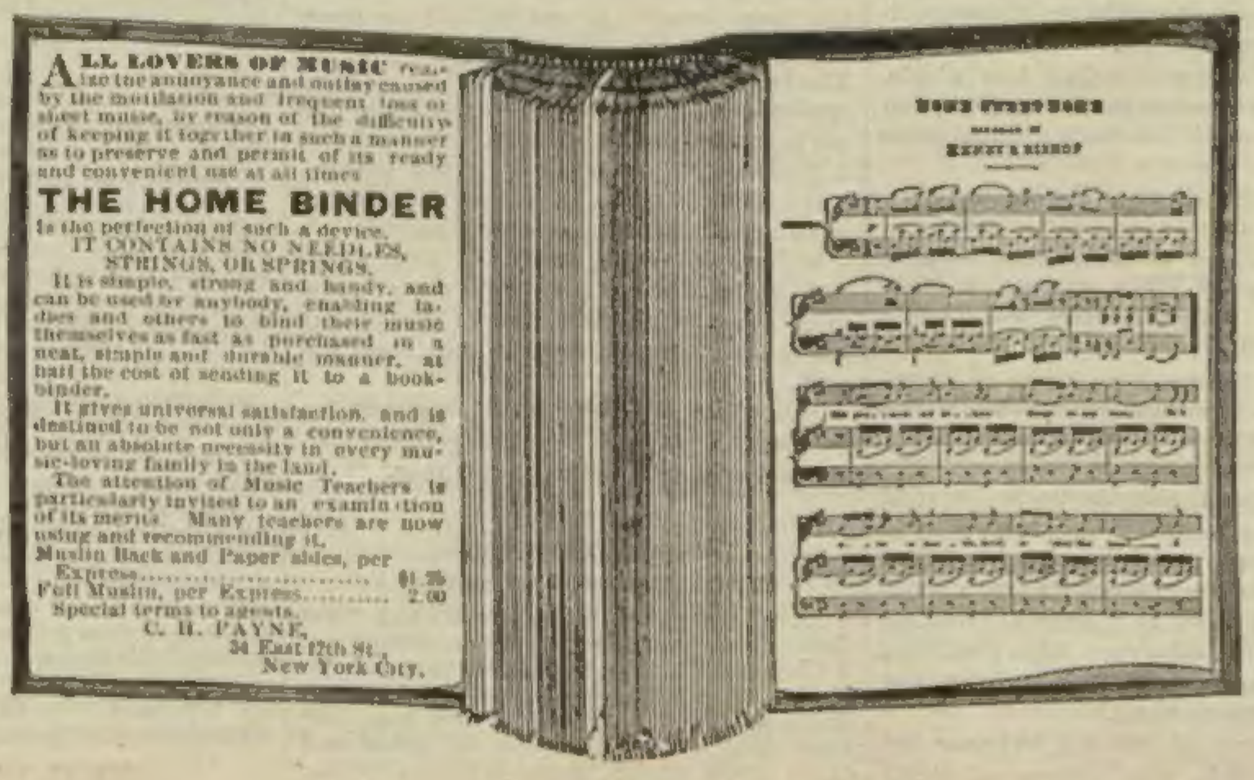
Through the failure of a large foreign manufacturer of fine clarionets, there has come into our hands 10,000 8 Key Clarionets, which we propose to Give Away to increase the circulation of our magazine in the following manner. Send 15 cents for 6 months Subscription to FARM & HOUSEHOLD, our 32 page Illustrated paper for the Family, and we will send you this fine instrument as a new case, FREE AND PREPAID. It has 8 Brass Keys, and the barrel is brass bound, chamfered and polished. The tone of the instrument is perfect, and any one can play it after a little practice. This is a GREAT OFFER, and you should order at once before the 10,000 are gone. ADDRESS, FARM & HOUSEHOLD, Hartford, Conn.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Breakfast dresses and morning gowns usually consist of a skirt and matinee, but, they are, although so simple in style very elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbon. The foundation skirt is of silk or surah, over this is a full skirt of etamine ornamented with pleatings, lace flounces, bouillonnes or insertion, with ribbon run through them, and every kind of pretty and fanciful trimming. The matinee fastens on one side of a bouillonne plastron bordered with trimming matching that on the skirt.

The matinee is tight fitting at the back and edged with pleatings, bouillonnes, etc. It is lined with silk like the skirt, and fastened with bows of ribbon. In some cases the whole of the front of the matinee is pleated or tucked as far as the waist, and falls in loose folds to the edge. It is fastened at the throat with a cravat bow of soft silk, and a wide sash of similar silk is folded round the waist and falls in long loops and ends at the back.

The sleeve are large and loose, but a plain coat-sleeve is added underneath to cover the arm.

Braid being the newest style of trimming for chapeaux, it is only natural that fragile ribbons should be employed for ornamenting dresses. For instance, in a very pretty costume for a young lady, the long pleated tunic of bronze etamine is joined over a long pleated panel of pale-pink surah by bands of gauze and moire ribbon in two colors.

The bands are in groups of two, crossed in the centre under a cross-piece of ribbon, like a letter X placed side ways. The little, open jacket is fastened over the pleated pink plastron by two similar groups, one on the chest and one at the waist, and the collar and paraments are formed of straight bands of ribbon.

In trimming dresses it should be remembered that pekin or striped materials, with a woollen or silk ground, are used only with plain fabrics such as sicilienne, faille, cashmere, etc.; with boucle fabrics velvet is generally preferred or plush as its substitute.

Velvet or moire ornaments on one of these boucle fabrics have a very excellent effect.

The majority of all trimmings will be flat braids, embroidered bands, pekin materials. All these have the desired flat effect. Skirts are very often trimmed at the edge with a wide band of velvet, or the front part is covered with a robing formed of graduated rows of braid, or of passementerie; this robing is seen between the open fronts of the tunic, which flows in easy folds to the edge of the skirt on each side of it.

Some new mouchoirs for sporting ladies are decorated in one corner with a running hare worked in blue or red cotton.

The rough boucle woollen materials, that are to supersede nearly all others for winter costumes, are well suited for the present styles, which demand long and flowing lines in the draperies, and a comparative simplicity of form, although this does not include simplicity of make or any great economy of material.

As a type of these costumes, we quote one recently made for a young bride. The material is a boucle cloth in a serviceable shade of iron gray; the skirt is pleated, the polonaise is crossed in front, and fastened rather low on the left hip by a bow of wide pleated woollen braid to match, tied like a sash with long loops and ends.

The corsage is ornamented with a collar, revers and paraments of velvet in the same shade of iron gray. The vetement to accompany this costume is a redingote of striped material in two shades of gray, corresponding with the dress fabric.

The back is arranged in full box pleats, ironed but not taped, so that they flow open at each step and fall into their original folds again.

Another typical dress in the same trousseau, is made with a plain skirt of satin and plush pekin, and a tunic and corsage of sicilienne to match. The corsage is ornamented with a fichu-shaped yoke and a large collar of the pekin and, in place of a basque, it terminates in a series of loops. The tunic falls straight on one side, with a wide pleat fastened down at intervals by richly decorated buttons.

On the opposite side the tunic is draped on the pouf, and turned back with a wide revers of the satin and plush pekin. The straight lines in vogue are still more strongly marked in a costume of reseda surah and dark green faille, with very thick ribs. The skirt is of surah, and shows from the waist to the edge in front.

It is gathered at the top, but near the edge it is caught in with groups of pleats under bows of dark-green ottoman ribbon. At the back is a plain, pleated, redingote skirt of ribbed faille.

A short, open jacket of the same faille shows a full plastron of reseda surah, fastened round the waist by a broad sash of moire ribbon, tied with long loops and ends on the left side.

High collars are still worn, but in many cases, especially with the short jackets just described, they are turned down over the high collar band. Enormous clasps and buttons often of great beauty, are used for fastening mantles and corsages, and for ornamenting jackets.

Nothing is fashionable this year that is awkward and does not permit of ease. Ease and elegance combined frown upon the ridiculous steel hoops that bump up the wearer's jacket or wrap until it is disfiguring, and suggests the wire dummy beneath. Worth, the French-Englishman, who dictates fashion, is sending out all his dresses this season with ample fulness of their own in the back, and positively requiring no crinoline.

A tightly drawn or skimped jacket or basque waist pulled over a steel cage is much farther from style than the same dress would be hanging loosely to the figure. If there is not enough fulness in the dress itself then a moreen petticoat is useful.

It has a plain front and sides gored to the figure, and the back is made of flounces or rows of kilting, set on in "organ-pleats." These may be "sat upon" with comfort and keep their shape much better than crinoline.

A walking suit in the popular gray tricot cloth is trimmed with a striped flannel of gray and dark blue. The overskirt has a fold a quarter of a yard deep of striped material, and the same forms the several puffings and ends of the back drapery. It is a good plan, in trimming with these striped flannels, to choose the gray or beige for the colored stripe of the exact shade of your plain goods. This gives a great distinction to the all trimming, which has then the effect of dark braiding on the plain goods.

The skunk fur is called "Alaska" this year. Sealskin and sealskin in plush makes handsomer wraps than ever before, because the shapes are no longer clumsy.

Fur shoulder capes will be by no means discarded; they are too useful. But they must be modified. The high-shouldered "fulling-in" of the fur at the top of the arm must be taken out and the cape made to lie flat, for it has to have a fur collar put on it, or rather a boa, that will break the square "cut-off" effect of the cape across the figure, and will bring the lines down below the waist, where, as usual, the box is drawn to one side.

A pretty jacket of Persian lamb's wool krimmer, is trimmed with sealskin. It has a collar and fur bordering down the fronts, but nothing around the lower edge of the jacket. The front fur does not end abruptly but is curved away to the side seam, where it comes to a point.

It is also curved slightly on the breast of the jacket, to give broad effect to the bust, and slender at the waist. Fur "tails" are the most stylish of all trimmings on the short visite mantles.

For very slender figures the style of putting a different material for the sleeves of jacket or wrap will do; for stout figures it is extremely unbecoming, as it defines their breadth. Seal plush sleeves are put to brown cloth jackets when the latter have vest and collar of the seal.

Black marten is a favorite trimming for sealskin; forming the broad Russian collar, the wide bands down the front and the trimming which extends up the cut back of the long mantle, to the bend of the tournure, where it joins the deep-hanging sleeve. The latter is trimmed with fur but has an applique ornament of some kind set on at the lower edge of the panel—for this sleeve is designed to form a panel on the mantle. The cuff is put on its upper part only at the hand when the falling sleeve is closed.

Wraps trimmed to stand out like wings from either side are only to be worn by the very slender and tall figures that are far above the average height of American women.

The effect of height in all the new fur garments is given at the neck by the collar, and not at the shoulders as last year.

Domestic Economy.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

At a recent entertainment, the floral decorations were much commented upon. To begin with, the long tea table was entirely covered with hedgerow ferns, pressed down by being previously ironed and laid close together. The dishes of cakes and other good things were put down on the ferns; and round the three large moss-covered pots containing flowers, down the centre of the table, were wreaths of scarlet geraniums.

A fringe of ferns was attached to the edge of the table, and hung down over the red cloth. All the flowers about the table were red. In the ballroom, the valance above the fireplace was of dark green velvet, cut into seven deep broad vandykes; in the centre of each was suspended a gilded wall basket, filled with white flowers and variegated leaves.

Curtains on each side of the fire-place were looped back with large bunches of the same, tied with broad red sash ribbon, disclosing closed red lace ones. A door between two rooms had as portiere one dark green velvet curtain and one red lace one; the former crossed over the latter at the top, and was secured by a very large bunch of flowers and spreading fern at the left side.

Another bunch fastened back the red lace one, low down on the left side, while a third looped away the velvet one, half-way up, on the right. Hanging baskets of growing ferns and flowers were suspended by broad red ribbons from the ceiling near each corner of the dancing-room, and below the chandelier, in the centre, was a large white stuffed stork, with out-spread wings and outstretched legs, supended in the same way.

Red and maroon lace curtains have been somewhat popular this season, principally, for dining-rooms, where they veil the window by being quite crossed at the top and then drawn away.

To arrange this crossing satisfactorily, the curtains are usually sewn on to a piece of stout muslin, high up, out of sight. The soft silk scarves looping them back are tied about half-way up. Cream and white lace and muslin ones are arranged in the same way for drawing-room windows and portieres. Sometimes two fancy silk handkerchiefs are used for keeping them back, one being tied round the curtain, with the point to one side, and another looped in and finished off in a careless bow. Portiere curtains of soft oriental silks have been a good deal used this summer, as many as three shades being put together, generally with a fancy one of different make on one side of the doorway, and two of other colors looped together on the other—brown and two shades of gold, brick-red and peacock-blue, and several old hues peculiar to these oriental goods. Velvet on one side and soft silk on the other looks very well. Large pins, with long pointed hooks, fitted into gilded wall baskets of goodly size, are often to be seen on one side of a portiere curtain, fixed to where it is looped back, and filled with sweet-scented flowers, and long sprays of fern, grass, and pampas, spreading upwards and outwards.

Bulgarian chair covers are now adopted as short curtain blinds to dining-room or bed-room windows. They are run on a string, and either looped back or left to hang down, according to taste, occasionally they are fantastically caught up with loops of ribbon, or fans; they are also used in very many dainty bedrooms as washstand splashers, festooned down one side and across the top of a piece of gold or colored cloth.

The beautiful silk embroidery on these Bulgarian and Turkish chair backs is often carefully cut out and appliqued on to satin or velvet, and made up into nightdress cases, glove or handkerchief sachets, or album covers. Austrian blankets, with their bright-colored striping, are often to be seen over beds.

Genoese coverlids, more quaint than beautiful, also Japanese ones, are favorites just at present. For a very pretty quilt, cream-colored lace, with a broad plush insertion, and a centre to match, is fashionable, and is often now given as a wedding present. Lace, festooned over colored silk, is one of the last things in lamp shades. It looks light and pretty, and is often finished off with a bunch of fruit near the top. It is about the depth of a flounce.

White china swans, which have been so popular for filling with flowers, have now grown to be almost, if not quite life-size, and take their stand grandly on a hall table or the floor or the boudoir or drawing-room, bearing their load of towering ferns. The smaller ones are still used as dinner-table ornaments, and can be had in a beautiful turquoise blue and also deep yellow shade. China boats, in white, deep red, yellow, brown, and other colors, are now to be seen on tables, filled with flowers.

They are of a fair size, measuring perhaps about ten or twelve inches in length. Leaves or ferns are generally arranged to fall lightly over the sides. A glass plateau is is sometimes placed beneath them, or a plush mat cut to the shape.

For a long table these boats are useful, and they are moderate in price. There appears to be a fancy for old German glass and iron work, and, if it is not the real thing, the imitation is good. Nuremburg lamps, in dusky green dull glass, resting in twisted iron stands, and Nuremburg candlesticks, consisting of a length of curled iron rising like a snake from a shamrock-shaped base, are among the rococo novelties.

Dull green glass, with a well-simulated look of age about it, figures as quaint-shaped glasses, water and wine jugs on well-appointed tables. A hall lamp, of novel shape, looks very much like a half opened parasol of rich painted glass, handle upwards, with frame work of cast iron.

Another style of lamp is that supported on the back of a flying bird, to be seen usually in dining-rooms and libaries.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Confidential Correspondence.

HAREHOLD—Take plenty of exercise, and attend a gymnasium; use the dumb-bells daily. By these means, your strength will increase, and no doubt your height, as at sixteen there is hope for you. You ought to grow for two or three years yet.

K. S.—The Stars and Stripes were established by act of Congress, June 14, 1777, as the national emblem. By the act of April 4, 1818, the thirteen stripes (in honor of the thirteen colonies) were restored, and provision was made that a new star be added upon the admission of each new state.

SHARAT.—The Jewish week consists of seven days, the last day, however—the Sabbath—being the only one named. The first day of the week is the Sunday of the Christian calendar, the seventh day, or Sabbath, commencing on Friday evening and ending on Saturday evening. Days among the Hebrews always commence at sunset, or, on an average at 6 p. m.

NEEDLES.—We are very sorry we cannot give you a cure for blushing; but why make a trouble of it? Be thankful you are able to blush. Self-consciousness is no doubt the cause of it, and if you will try to forget yourself when going into society, and fix your attention instead on the persons whom you meet, you will soon feel cool and unembarrassed.

P. L. J.—The word "creole" is understood by people generally to mean a person with more or less African blood flowing in his veins. This is a serious error. In America and the West Indies, where the word was originally invented, it means a person of pure European blood born in the country, as opposed to the newcomers, from whatever quarter, Africa or other.

TOSSED.—"Bulls and Bears" is a cant phrase of commerce. The bulls toss and the bears hug. A bull is one who operates in expectation of a rise in the price of stocks; a bear is one who contracts to deliver at some future time stocks that he doesn't own. The term "bear" is said to derive its origin from the story of the man who sold the bear-skin before he killed the bear.

JUDY.—Why should you be annoyed when people remark that you have a color? Be thankful that you have one, for, judging by the number of letters we receive on the subject from our fair readers, it seems to be the ambition of their lives to obtain one. If your health is good, pray be contented. Let well alone, and do not interfere with nature. We know of no safe remedy for producing pale cheeks.

A. M. S.—Try a little forbearance, it will tell in the long run. There is no doubt you have been wronged, so are many wives, but you have taken your husband "for better, for worse," and you can hardly expect it at all "better." That he has yielded to temptation in this one instance is no reason why he should do so again, and it rests with his wife, if she loves him, to make his home sufficiently pleasant to him for there to be no risk of such a thing.

I. J. W. A.—The mere relationship of husband and wife does not entitle a dealer or other person to assume, in the absence of notice to the contrary, that the wife has authority to pledge her husband's credit. A husband must, of course, provide the wife who lives with him with necessaries, and if he fails to do so she may pledge his credit for them. But if he provides her with necessaries he is not liable on contracts made by her without his consent or subsequent ratification.

PSYCHICS.—As we have said before, the reality of table-turning, and similar phenomena, has long since been generally, perhaps universally, admitted, although most scientific men deny that they have supernatural antecedents. That you and your friends should have been disappointed in your table-turning experiments proves nothing, except that you are of sceptical and perhaps unimaginative temperament. Where the table is not expected to move, it usually remains stationary.

MERDUM.—Ortolan is a name given to a small bird found in the southern parts of Europe, where, as an article of diet, it is considered a very great delicacy. It is also occasionally found as far north as Denmark, Sweden, and even Lapland. The bird is about six inches in length, and in plumage is not unlike the yellowhammer, for which it may at times be mistaken. There are in Italy large establishments for feeding these birds for the table after they have been caught in traps. They are kept in darkened rooms, and fed on millet-seed until they are nearly suffocated in their own fat.

F. McC.—Strickly speaking, morning begins at twelve o'clock p.m., and ends at twelve a.m. Afternoon begins at twelve a.m., but there is no fixed rule for determining when it ends. "Evening" and night are also incapable of strict definition. We are hardly so exact in this matter as the ancients. The Babylonians, Jews, Greeks, and Romans made their day begin at sunrise and end at sunset, while the night began at sunset and ended at sunrise; and both day and night were divided into twelve even portions or hours, which, of course, corresponded in length with our hours only at the equinoxes. The Turks divide their time in the same way at the present day.

ETUDIANT.—A careful analysis of a standard French work would be excellent discipline for you, and could not fail to make you a more efficient French scholar. But we should advise you to give up the idea of habituating yourself to think in French, when your object is to get clear conceptions, and acquire facility in speaking extemporaneously. To compass these ends will tax your powers to the utmost, and it would be foolish to add to the difficulty of the task by compelling your mind to run in what is, by contrast, an artificial channel. Master French by all means, but let this be a separate object; if you aim at two birds with one stone, you will probably hit neither.

PINCH.—Glasses should never be purchased at random; the thing to do is to consult an optician, surgeon or physician, and get him to go thoroughly into the case. Much, however, will still depend upon yourself. You must, for one thing, avoid a stooping position, as this has a tendency to cause congestion of the eyes. In reading, the head should be well thrown back, and the book brought to the eyes, not the eyes to the book. Abstain, too, from reading in a railway car, or while driving; nor should you read in an unsteady light. You ought to use a reading lamp provided with a shade. When the eyes are tired, it is time to stop. If they feel hot and irritable, lie down in a dimly-lighted room, and cover them with a fold or two of lint which has been dipped in cold water.